THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

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DEACON & PETERSON, Publishers,
No. 319 Walnut St., Philadelphia.

OH, TRUST ME ONCE AGAIN, LOVE.

FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.
BY CAPT. L. B. CHESTER.

Oh, trust me once again, love,
As you trusted me before,
When this broken heart was light, love,
And this soul was bright and pure;
Ere treason stained this hand, love,
And misery claimed this heart,
Ere words had e'er been spoken, love,
And we were doomed to part.
Oh, trust me once again, love,
As ye trusted me before,
When this broken heart was light, love,
And this soul was bright and pure.

I ought be doomed to live, love,
For the sad career I've run,
And never see thy face, love,
And thy love should be undone;
Yet trust me once again, love,
Ere we part to meet no more,
And trust me as you did, love,
As ye trusted me before—
Ere treason stained this hand, love,
And misery claimed this heart,
Ere words had e'er been spoken, love,
And we were doomed to part.

Cincinnati, Oct., 1862.

A DREAM OF LOVE.

A STORY IN TWO PARTS

PART II.

"My great-niece, Amyce Cloyse—Mr. Hedworth Charlton."

The introduction was made in my uncle's quavering voice, when I shyly stole into the drawing-room before dinner the following day, and slightly bending in answer to the stranger's inclination, I crept into a seat close to Sir John's elbow.

Only those who like myself have been brought up in perfect seclusion, know the intense pain and awkwardness of such a moment to a young girl who has no lady friend to support her. I dared not raise my eyes; I felt my elbows and shoulders everywhere but in their proper positions, my cheeks burning, my whole appearance twice as ungainly as it usually was; and worse still, I knew from that ominous way in which Uncle John was clearing his throat that he was displeased with my awkwardness, and wished to give me a hint to retrieve my character. It was in vain that Mr. Charlton tried to cover my confusion, by continuing the conversation in which he had been engaged, previous to my entrance. Uncle John seemed to have a malicious desire to bring me forward, to make me speak, act, show off—in short, to prove me to be a person of consideration; and he could not conceal his annoyance when, at every attempt, I grew more and more awkward, stammering, hesitating, answering at random.

Dinner was announced. My uncle desired Mr. Charlton to hand me in, and I rose mechanically, and accepted his proffered arm, noticing then, for the first time, how tall was my new acquaintance. The meal was very lengthy and very stiff. Mr. Charlton's efforts to make conversation gradually flagged as my shyness overpowered me, and my uncle's politeness and self-command gave way before the irritation induced by my manifold misdemeanors.

Alas! Uncle John made no excuse for me. He forgot how ignorant I was of the world, how unused to company, and he was seriously disappointed and annoyed because I did not come out of my eggshell a fashionable, prepossessing young lady, well versed in my part as hostess: charming, affable, ready in conversation—in fine, the fascinating person whom he had recommended to my notice yesterday.

We had an old-fashioned dinner, and soup and fish being removed, I saw, to my horror, that a couple of spring chickens were being placed before me. Mr. Charlton offered to carve them, and though longing to accept his aid, some impulse of *mauvaise honte*, prompted me to say *no*, instead of *yes*, and precipitately to commence hacking the breast of the nearest fowl in the vain hope of discovering the wing joint.

Mr. Charlton had said he would take chicken; a servant was holding a plate at my side, and from the opposite end of the table I caught sight of my uncle's beady, black eyes watching every movement. I had no knowledge of carving, but I dared not avow my ignorance, and shyness increasing my awkwardness a hundredfold, I went on laboring hopelessly for some minutes, crimson to my hair roots, and with such a haze before my eyes that I could scarcely see.

Then came a loud explosion of wrath from the other end of the table. Uncle John had caught sight of the macerated morsels which I was endeavoring to convey in safety to the plate, and he stormed frantically. My hands fell nervously at my side, and the room seemed to swim round—oh, how I wished that the ground could have opened and swallowed me up!

But the next minute a good-humored voice beside me said "Allow me!" and Stephen had promptly moved the dish before Mr. Charlton, who was dexterously separating the joints. I could not even say *thank you*, for I was ashamed to look up and let him see that I had tears in my eyes. I began crumbling my roll, and endeavoring to swallow some drops of water, and happily a well-directed question from Mr. Charlton checked my uncle's wrathful tirade.

Dinner progressed; nobody spoke to me. I think Mr. Charlton wished to give me time to recover myself, and my uncle was too angry to appeal to me.

At length the desert was set on the table, and I consoled myself with the hope of an early release. But I had counted without my host, I had overrated my own powers; over and over again I endeavored to rise, and yet sat still defeated; over and over again. I waited for a lull in the conversation, flushed like a peony at the mere thought of my own audacity—there; until at length my uncle gave me an unmistakeable hint when I got up, awkwardly dropped my handkerchief, had to wait till Mr. Charlton stooped under the table to recover it for me, forgot to thank him, and finally stumbled out of the room like one pursued by an enemy.

No wonder I provoked my poor uncle; no wonder if Mr. Charlton thought me a baby, or worse than that, for children have a natural grace, and my awkwardness made me graceless.

But the evening was more hopeful. The gentlemen made their appearance early; Mr. Charlton coming at once to the little table where I sat at work, and beginning to speak to me so naturally about books and things, that I speedily forgot my fear of him, and grew interested. When a rapid glance towards my uncle's chair and closed eyes reassured me, and I even ventured on a few remarks of my own, and found myself emboldened to look upon my companion's face.

He was an older looking man than I had expected to find him; he could not be less than thirty, and his face had a few furrows, and his hair some grey threads which might have added even more years to his age. But he was handsome for all that. His features were firm; rather solid, perhaps, when they were not lighted up by that rare, beaming smile which sparkled even to his eyes and teeth. Before the end of the evening I began to like him very much; he was so amusing, so good-natured; if it had not been for once or twice detecting a stealthy opening and shutting of Uncle John's eyes, which proved that he was sleeping with wide-awake ears, I think I should have thoroughly enjoyed myself.

But by the next morning I had time to freeze, and breakfast was but a modified repetition of yesterday's dinner. However, all came right again during the morning, which we spent together in the drawing-room. I had said I did not know Tennyson's "Idylls of the King," and Mr. Charlton read some passages from it aloud to me as I sat working. Uncle John did not make his appearance, and I had supposed he was not coming down before luncheon, until an unexpected

sound in the library startled me, and suddenly revealed his presence.

The door between the two rooms was ajar, and I rapidly reviewed my last half hour's conversation with Mr. Charlton, and hoped that none of my remarks had been scandalous or unorthodox. How hot I felt for a minute. Mr. Charlton had been reading *Enid* to me, and we had been speaking of *love* in the abstract—oh, dear, I hoped it was not an improper subject.

"My companion had not detected my uncle's vicinity, and I dared not enlighten him. I sat on thorns; my conversation lost its spirit; I asserted no more opinions, and presently he surmised that I was tired of his reading, and shut up the book. And I felt disappointed. I don't know why.

A minute later, Stephen stood at the door: "Master wished to speak to Miss Cloyse."

I rose precipitately. I was going to be reprimanded. Could I deserve it, had I said or done anything that was forward or improper in a young lady? I knew people had to be very particular, and I was so dreadfully ignorant.

But no reprimand was in store for me this time. Uncle John stood by the library door, looking very nervous and uncomfortable, but his discomfort had no connection with me. He wanted to go back to his room, and there was that new housemaid with the great crinoline dusting it out, and he dared not return while she was there; she always apologized to him, and he couldn't bear being spoken to; and, besides, he never could get past her voluminous skirts in the doorway—so would I go and send her out, before he went up-stairs?

I ran off on the errand, greatly relieved, dispatched Jane to another part of the house, and myself tidied the things on Uncle John's particular table. He came up as I was thus busied, and smilingly said, he must not keep me from my visitor. Instead of being angry with me this morning, he appeared to be in a singularly good humor, and I thought I had a favorable opportunity for consulting him as to whether it would be *proper* for me to go out riding with Mr. Charlton in the afternoon.—Mr. Charlton had said something about wishing me to show him the country.

"*Improper.*" Uncle John was very near storming at the word. "Why was I to think things were improper. No, of course it was right, he would take care it was right. I was to make myself agreeable to my guest, and leave him to regulate the proprieties." I heard him muttering to himself as he moved away: "Improper, I wonder who has put that crotchet into the girl's head!"

Well, we had the ride, and another still more pleasant on Saturday afternoon. I speedily recovered from my shyness, and made great friends with my companion. My uncle being so much of an invalid, we were unavoidably thrown on one another's society, and he seemed somewhat to be amused by my honestly avowed ignorance of things and people, and glad to enlighten it. He conversed with me, he read with me, he drew me out, encouraged me, gave me manifold useful hints, and all in a brotherly sort of way, that set me indescribably at my ease. So we came to the Sunday, the day before that on which he was to return to London.

In the morning he and I went to the village church. Mr. Carmichael read the prayers. Mr. Charlton did not hesitate to draw back the red curtain which enveloped our pew, thus revealing to view a bevy of very pretty girls in the opposite seat. There, handsomest and foremost of all, was Rose Carmichael, her complexion like roses and lilies, her splendid dark eyes half asleep under their drooping lashes. She was a very beautiful girl, and wear what she would, she invariably appeared well-dressed.

That morning—how well I remember it—she had on a little white tulle bonnet, with pink roses in the cap, and her wavy brown hair, which the wind had disordered, was arranged in the most picturesque confusion about her face and neck, one long, silky curl falling down the front of her muslin mantle, and perpetually getting into her way, and requiring to be tossed aside by a plump white hand, the palm of which had a glow of shell-pink.

She sang. I had never heard her sing so loud or so well before. She did not look up at our pew, but she chose a seat directly fronting it, and sat there looking a perfect picture, her chin resting on her hand, and her eyes upraised to the pulpit, with the soft, earnest expression of a Madonna.

I saw Mr. Charlton watching her, and I felt proud and pleased—he was admiring my friend!

After service Rose Carmichael waited for me in the porch. A child was ill in the village, and she wanted me to ask Mrs. Butterworth to send him some arrowroot.

It was the first time in her life Rose had ever so waited for me, or preferred such a request; but she did it so lovingly with respect to me, so thoughtfully with respect to the sick child, that she was irresistible. Mr. Charlton's face showed that he shared my admiration, and I was just beginning to reflect shyly that it might be proper to introduce the one to the other, when Rose herself took the initiative, and addressed to him some trifling remark about the weather, which opened the way to conversation. Presently, we reached the rectory gate, but Rose passed it, saying she should be glad of a little fresh air, after her long morning in school and church, and that she would accompany us part of the way home. And she did so, the longer part, and the remainder of our walk was taken up in talking of her. Mr. Charlton asked many questions about her family, and admired her openly, and for the first time I had a jealous misgiving.

When we came home, and joined my uncle at luncheon we avoided the topic. I never liked to mention Rose Carmichael at the Towers, and Mr. Charlton had forgotten her by this time, perhaps.

In the afternoon, the sky was threatening, and my uncle would not hear of my going to church a second time, so at the last moment, Mr. Charlton started alone. There was a terrific thunderstorm later in the day, vivid flashes of lightning and heavy clouds clashing overhead. I grew uneasy as the time past, and watched anxiously from my window. Mr. Charlton did not make his appearance till nearly dinner-time, and then I hastened down to meet him. But he quite smiled to think I had been apprehensive on his account; he had been sitting most comfortably in the Rectory for the last hour and a half. The storm had been at its height at the close of the service, and Miss Carmichael had very kindly invited him to take shelter.

"It was so odd," he said, but he had found out that the rector was brother to that old Carmichael of Caius, who used to "coach" him years ago. And as he was going to Cambridge shortly, he had volunteered to take a parcel for his old friend; he was to call for it on his way to the station to-morrow morning. I suppose he did so. He started from the Towers a full hour before the train-time, and I ran up to the garret-window, and watched the dog-cart which conveyed him, driving down the avenue till the turn by the lodgegates hid it from view, and then went back to the drawing-room with a very heavy heart, and spent all the morning in making an elaborate cover for the copy of the "Idylls of the King," which he had left behind him, with my name written in the title-page.

How long and lonely seemed the weeks that followed. My happiest times, now-a-days, were those evening hours when my uncle and I, sitting together, often spoke of our late visitor, and invariably hunted the papers to see if his name was mentioned in any party question. Once or twice, when his speeches were recorded, how eagerly I read them, how hot I grew upon politics, blindly adopting his views; hating one paper, because it abused him, lauding another to the skies, because it pronounced him an able man. Well, such is life, woman's life at least; her reason invariably takes its color from her heart!

One morning, post-time brought to me untold happiness. There was a short note in Mr. Charlton's handwriting, proffering his company at the Towers for a few days during the following week, if convenient to myself and uncle. Convenient to me? it was delightful, and I went about the house all that morning singing like a lark!—to my uncle?—I suppose so, for his lips relaxed with a rare smile, and he drew me to his heart, and kissed me again and again.

This time we made more preparations for our visitor; I had a box of handsome new dresses down from my London dress-maker, and I did my hair in a new way that was twice as becoming. I could not restrain my happiness, and surely both Uncle John and old Butterworth encouraged me in it. I met Rose Carmichael one day in the grounds, and told her who was coming, but she made me no answer; she was busy pulling to pieces the sprig of scarlet geranium which I had given her not five minutes before.

The day came, the hour, Hedworth Charlton himself—delighted to be back with us, in the highest spirits, thoroughly cordial in his greetings to me,—and I was in Paradise!

He had taken up very warm views on the subject of education since his former visit, and all through the evening he spoke of little else. He was an earnest, zealous, good man, interested in every charitable scheme, and he seemed to me to take great pains to interest me in the like. Perhaps I was not a very dull pupil when he taught!

He made endless inquiries about our parish and schools, expressed surprise and regret when I could tell him so little about them, proposed that we should walk over to the village the next morning, and I willingly acceded to his wish.

It may be that I should not have acquiesced so readily, had I foreseen that Rose Carmichael would be our escort to the schools and cottages. She knew everything, and for all the information he required, Hedworth Charlton appealed to her. She constantly taught the children—was well acquainted with the parents. I did neither—nothing, and I felt myself thrown into the shade, and walked silently behind, whilst Mr. Charlton and Rose were so eagerly discussing improvements.

I came home with a heavy heart. Hedworth Charlton had alluded to my useless life, almost with reproach, and I was burning with jealousy because he made so much of Rose Carmichael's puny efforts. I was beside myself. I could not rest content to be thus set aside. I determined to rival her—to out-do her. I went to my poor old uncle, and startled him with a highly-colored picture of the ill-ventilated school-room; I begged him, excitedly, to have them re-built on a more extensive scale—the parish needed it, I said, and it was the Squire's duty.

He heard me—smiled, asked if Hedworth Charlton thought so, too; then fondly added, that his fortune was his little Amyce's to do with as she willed, and he bade me go and consult Hedworth Charlton about the necessary arrangements.

"I was delighted, for Hedworth Charlton was gratified and warmly applauded me—delighted, I meant for a moment, when he said that he would take Rose Carmichael into our council to-morrow, I drew back mortified and displeased. Henceforward it was more Rose's scheme than mine; she had so much more sense and judgment than I had that she improved my every suggestion. The plans were drawn out, and she and Hedworth Charlton corrected them while I looked on. Oh, me, what it is to be jealous!

Again Hedworth Charlton went away; and this time my uncle parted from him with less cordiality, and was very cross all the day after he left, and I was very miserable.

But he had wanted some rare autumnal flower for his collection of dried plants. I had promised to get it, and send it after him. Rose knew the spot where the plant grew, and she volunteered to show me where it was. We went together, secured a favorable specimen, and Hedworth Charlton wrote back cordial thanks to me, sending, at the same time, a grateful message to Miss Carmichael for the trouble she had taken in his behalf, and saying something about valuing that flower all his life, whereat my heart beat.

Uncle John read the letter, frowned over the allusion to Rose, smiled at the succeeding sentence; but I think he must have had some after-misgiving, which he mentioned to Butterworth; for she came to me that night at bed-time, and warned me against "yon forward hussy, Rose Carmichael, who made such a palaver about her goodness, when there was none that thought much of it;—wasn't she one of them sort that's just bells calling other folks to church, and never gangs in theirsel?" She concluded by a trite saying that puzzled me; it was something about pretty women and pink gowns being allus a catching on tenter hooks.

Time wore on. Beyond reading in the papers of Mr. Hedworth Charlton's sayings and doings we knew nothing of his further proceedings. My uncle gradually gave over talking about him, and began to sneer when I did so, and those sneers went to my heart like arrows.

The building of the new school-houses was commenced, and their progress formed my one source of interest. Not an unclouded one though, for Rose Carmichael over-ruled me even in this matter, and so successfully too, that I found I could not get on without her assistance, and having on one occasion chosen to quarrel with her about the merest trifle, I was fain to apologize the following day, because the men were at a stand-still for orders, and Rose, not I, knew all about the plans.

But I kept away from her as much I could,—away from the village even in order to avoid her. I began to mope, to tire of novel-reading, even of my own self, and hour by hour to sit lazily at the oriel window of the boudoir, dreaming idle day-dreams or reading my favorite "Idylls," and feasting on the associations they conjured up.

The autumn was gliding away; the leaves were floating down from the copper beeches which skirted the flower garden, and my hopes were falling earthwards, too, one by one, withering and dying.

I had no mother or sister to whom to confide my grief, and I nursed it unwholesomely and miserably. My uncle was ill at the time, and Butterworth was too taken up in attending on him to observe me narrowly. I had nothing to amuse me—nothing pleasant to think about, and I was dissatisfied with myself. Had not Hedworth Charlton said I was

leading a spoilt, useless life, letting my wide opportunities lie fallow? Perhaps if I had been better and wiser, I might have gained a higher place in his regard!

I used to sit pondering how I could improve myself—what great and good things I could do to benefit my fellow creatures. I was on a wrong track altogether; I wanted to do everything myself, not to win Grace and Help. The beautiful new schools would shortly be finished and opened; wouldn't that be a great work? And Uncle John had made vague promises of building some almshouses afterwards. I must keep him up to the mark; but meanwhile—meanwhile I was so idle and dreary.

Morning after morning I used to see the woman at the lodge turn out her little tribe to run riot in the lane and fields, to idle, trifle, squabble. The village-school was closed—it was too far to send them to Hemsley, and there was no one teach them or keep them out of mischief. Well, I used to sit all those long mornings in dreary laziness, and if a thought suggested itself to me how I might have gathered the children together, and instructed them for an hour or two, I thrust it aside; it wasn't worth while; the school would be re-opened presently, and (the true reason) it would be too much trouble.

An infirm old woman lived in the cottage in the lane; she was a wretched object, bedridden with rheumatism; poor, friendless, helpless. I put her down as the first candidate for my projected hospital, and shut my ears to suggestions that a timely visit, a few verses of Scripture read in an audible voice, gifts of flannel, coal and other cottage comforts, or even a word of sympathy, or a morsel of pudding from my own luncheon-table would have been acceptable kindnesses. The door stood temptingly open whenever I passed, but I never entered, only I renewed to myself that promise about the almshouses: and the old woman died before they were built!

Why delay the end? It cannot come to anyone else with the like shock and bitterness it brought to me.

One Sunday morning, immediately after the close of the session, I was startled by finding Hedworth Charlton in the rectory pew. When, through the opening of the crimson curtains, I first discovered him, he was looking over the same hymn-book as Rose Carmichael. The remainder of the service seemed to me as a trance.

I hurried blindly out of the church. Some one was waiting for me in the porch; a firm hand grasped mine, and whispered words of greeting. Oh! what a happy tone it was, especially at the conclusion!

"And congratulate me, Amyce. Dear Rose has consented to be my wife; that is why I am here to-day."

What I answered I know not; my brain was on fire—my eyes scorched with agony. The frosty autumn breeze blew keenly against my face; there was a clear unclouded sky over-head, and sunshine and the sharp shadows of gravestones lay before me on the grass.

"Are you obliged to go home immediately, Amyce? Cannot you spare one moment for good-wishes to Rose? See, she is waiting over yonder."

I looked up. Rose Carmichael was standing by the rectory-gate, playfully tapping the privet hedge with her parasol. She seemed waiting, but also she seemed watching us. Something in her expression—in those stealthy glances under her long eyelashes—nerved me to self-control, and I went forward and held out my hand:

"God bless you, Rose; and grant you all the happiness you deserve."

Was there sarcasm in my low accent? Perhaps there was.

Rapidly her liquid eyes sought mine, then the color mounted to her forehead, and she looked down. I know not if for a moment she felt humiliated; she could not fail to have had a suspicion of my secret, and she had always professed herself to be my friend. So—but what are women-friends in this narrow-hearted world!

"You are not looking well, Amyce," Hedworth Charlton observed; "you have lost your color, and grown thin. I fear you have been over-done during Sir John's illness. Couldn't I help you in any way while I am here? Do not hesitate to tell me if I can; you know I am always your friend, and shall be doubly so by-and-by, I hope—" His smiling eyes were resting on Rose.

His friend! I started away ungraciously, and hurried home. His friend!—the friend of Rose Carmichael's husband—never! never!

When I reached the Towers, I knew the news had travelled before me. Quickly as I gained my own room old Butterworth was there before me, crying and sobbing, trampling on some imaginary foe, circling me with loving arms and caresses. I had meant to be proud and self restrained, and bear it all in silence, but grief and tears are infectious, and at the sight of her distress, I flung myself on to that sympathizing breast just as I used to do in days of yore.

"Poor child!" Butterworth kept repeating, "poor child! poor child! and it's all our faults. Master's and mine, who threw you together! Oh, dear! poor fellow! he's crying in his room like a babby, and he says it's retribution. Amyce Dillon's son is revenging his mother,—honey, ye'll bear it bravely and not taunt the old man; he could not bear to see you miserable, and he'd blame himself all his life, if he fretted and moaned.

"That nasty, mean hussy Rose, with her low, palavering ways! Didn't I warn ye about her long sin; hadn't I seen her game once before? Why did she come smiling an' a mincing here every day last winter, worming herself 'round you, and as sweet as sugar on master? Wasn't it that she thought, falling younger men, an auld baronet warn't to be despised, and that her doll's face would look well for a 'my lady?' Plague take her! An' there's that poor weak-eyed curate gone away all in a sudden, an' what d'ye think Dick Dawson's mother told me just now? Why, that yon Rose had flirted wi' him, and made him no end of fine promises, an' then turned him over cool as a cucumber when t'other came. Well, she'll keep any man alive as gets her, I'll awand her. She's as full of creases as an onion."

"Don't—don't—I can't bear it—oh, Butterworth, I think my heart will break!"

The old woman's manner changed. She clapped me on the back, and adopted the half-scolding tone by which she was wont to manage my uncle.

"Break! Stuff an' nonsense, it will none break; hold your noise, Amyce Cloyse, one would think nobody had iver had a bit o' trouble afore ye. It's allus the way wi' women folks and childer, they mun have measles, and cowpox, and love-fits, an' get over 'em, it's in the natur' on 'em, and its a good thing done wi. Tain't many as love carries off—lor', no!—not half so many as die o' King cough, an' those few, why they're better gone, they're poor weak critura as has no constitutions. More heart folks have, longer life for 'em, for 'tain't so soon broken and worsted. Heart makes folk live, and do, and forget; if ane prop breaks down, it clings round 'tother, and ay, Amyce, a true heart allus looks up to the sun, that's to God, honey, an' it don't care then for a trampling heel, not it."

Rude as was Butterworth's consolation, it was genuine and wholesome, and, re-invigorated by it, I dare venture to my uncle's room, and assure him by a silent kiss, that my life's happiness had not been seriously impaired by a dream of love. Neither of us spoke of what had occurred, but after crying for a few minutes behind his handkerchief, the old man began as usual to fret and scold about the basin of beef-tea, which Stephen had brought up for his luncheon. He had forgotten my sorrow when I did not keep the memory alive by a show of misery. And what would have been the good of doing that?

But my uncle was at heart very kind and pitying to me, and in the first few days of compassion would willingly have conceded anything to my happiness. Was I lonely? I had *carte blanche* to go into society, and take the foremost place to which my position entitled me. Did I wish friends at home? there was a certain widowed cousin of his, who would be only too happy to come and bear me company. But Butterworth warned me against *her*. She said there "was never no getting Mrs. Arundel out o' t' house when she wor once in, and for her part (Butterworth's,) she was allus wary o' folks wha left their hats i' the hall:" so I acted on her hint, and assured my uncle I was perfectly content to remain where, and as I was.

And so I did, despite the pain of witnessing the various preparations of Rose Carmichael's marriage. I was fortunately supplied with an excuse for declining an invitation to act bride's-maid by the precarious state of my uncle's health, and that plea also served to keep me a close prisoner to the Towers for the few weeks that intervened between the announcement and the marriage.

But when the wedding-day came, I could no longer restrain myself. Imprudent as I knew the course to be, I donned my hat and cloak, and stole through the grounds to the village, gaining admittance to the church through a small side door, of which we had the key.

I was hid behind the red curtain of our pew when the wedding train came up the chancel; I could almost have touched the bride as she passed. I saw her folds of satin and lace; the pearl locket at her throat which had doubtless been his gift; the orange flowers amid her luxuriant brown hair. I looked on her face, so beautiful, so cold, so heartless, the face that had robbed me, and I could scarcely restrain a groan. I dared not look at *him*.

The services was progressing. I was in a trance. I saw him take her hand, I heard the clear tones of his dear voice "*for better for worse*,"—they were kneeling side by side.

Away! I could not bear it, I was maddened, I dared not stay, I could not command myself, I might do something rash! and the red curtain dropped from my hand, and I actually grovelled on the pew floor in agony.

There—they were safe in the vestry. I rearranged my disordered attire, and crept to the side-door. The crowd was round at the other side of the church where the carriages were waiting—only a little beggar-child leaning against a tomb saw me, and she came forward to ask charity. She was a piteous-looking little thing, with a pinched, haggard features, and eyes unnaturally large and bright, and when I neglected her appeal she clung to my dress, and entreated me—for the love of God. But I thrust her aside, I was hurrying to avoid detection, and the next moment I had gained the postern in the park wall, and was safe on my way homewards.

At home again—no one had noticed my absence—I was breathless with running, fevered with excitement, and I flung myself down on a low chair in *my lady's boudoir*, and covered my face with my hands. How long I crouched there, I know not; the clear, red fire in the grate flung a warm light over my clasped hands, chased shadows here and there amid my sandy hair. But I was impervious to heat and light, for I was asleep.

I woke with a start. Some one was bending over me, looking in my face. Eagerly I raised my head. Were not those Hedworth Charlton's soft, brown eyes which met mine? and with what a rare expression of love and tenderness.

My heart beat frantically. Where was I—what had happened? See it *was* he, standing by the fireplace, and looking at me with an unmistakeable glance of affection, such a glance as two months ago he had cast on Rose Carmichael by the privet hedge, only far softer, more pleading, more tender. Could it only have been a dream about Rose, and the marriage, and everything? Could he at heart care for me still and only for me!

Yes, he was surely by me, bending lower and lower, nearer and nearer, till I fancied I felt his breath on my forehead, and I stretched out my hands, and sprang upward to meet him. Alas! my arms grasped only the hollow air, and the sound of a coal falling on the hearth awoke me more thoroughly.

No one was there—the room was empty—my chair was in its old position, and the hat I had flung aside on my return from the village, was lying at my feet.

I raised my eyes to where I had beheld the vision, and there was the picture in the oval frame—the thorn-encircled Head, and an expression of Divine Compassion in those sorrowful eyes. "*Je t'ai aime d'un amour eternel*," spake from the scroll like the voice of an angel.

Conviction rushed upon me. I bowed down my head, and wept those tears which are at once prayers and the seed of a Higher Life. Like Peter of old, I wept bitterly because I had denied my Lord.

Through my tears I glanced up again, but my eyes were hazy, and I could not see distinctly. Try as I would, the portrait faded before me, the pitying gaze seemed averted; as I watched breathlessly, eagerly, it seemed to change, and no longer to regard me with love and compassion.

In the place of that picture of a crucified Saviour, there rose the pinched, careworn face of that little child to whose appeal I had lately turned a deaf ear. She was looking at me through the mist, haunting me with her hollow, reproachful eyes—had she not urged me "for the love of God?"

I writhed in agony. A moment ago, hope and comfort had come to me from a Divine Source, now they were obscured by the very memory of my own sin. Where was that text which had spoken to me of God's love? What was it? I could remember nothing, no text whatsoever, save one which said:—"Inasmuch as ye did it not to one of the least of these, ye did it not to Me."

I started on to my feet; I faced the real picture. I told myself it was a dream, the delusion of a fevered brain; but for all that, I could not divest myself of the impression it had made. I was glad to see, through the window, the real beggar-child stealing up to the house to ask charity, glad for once in my life to go down and relieve the afflicted.

All this happened years ago, but I have never forgotten my Dream of Love!

D. RICHMOND.

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

Henry Peterson, Editor.

PHILADELPHIA, SATURDAY, NOVEM'R 1, 1862.

REJECTED COMMUNICATIONS.—We cannot undertake to return rejected communications.

JOB PRINTING OFFICE.

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST JOB PRINTING OFFICE is prepared to print Books, Pamphlets, Newspapers, Catalogues, Books of Evidence, &c., in a workmanlike manner, and on reasonable terms.

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KENTUCKY.

Neither the rebels nor the Unionists seem to be well pleased with the result of the recent campaign in Kentucky. The rebels admit it to have been a brilliant failure—neither Louisville nor Cincinnati being taken, Ohio and Indiana not invaded, nor even Kentucky permanently held. While the Unionists are dissatisfied with General Buell because he did not work out superior results with his superior numbers. The rebels have indeed been driven from the state; but they have succeeded in carrying off with them a large amount of supplies, and have neither been defeated in a great battle, or "bagged" by strategy, as was promised.

The following account of the battle of Perryville, if true—and it purports to come from an eye-witness—would seem to demand some action on the part of the Government. It is from the army correspondence of the *Cincinnati Gazette*:—

"NEAR PERRYVILLE, Oct. 10.

"To the eye-witnesses of the battle fought here on the 8th inst. it is now plain that some one of the chief officers in command was guilty of great criminality, in allowing two divisions of the army to be overwhelmed and overpowered, while lying idle *within a mile* lay over 50,000 men, clenching their fists with rage, and weeping with vexation at having to retire without engaging in it. The blood of nearly 500 killed—slain while desperately engaging a vastly superior force, with idle thousands in sight and hearing—calls for the punishment of the guilty. Flanked and driven back, and falling by hundreds under a murderous cross fire, leaving their gallant commander on the field, the brigade of Lytle demands investigation. Lying in the woods, *not five hundred yards distant, actually overlooking the battle, actually witnessing the flanking movement of the rebels which so nearly destroyed us*, were the divisions of Schoepff and Sheridan, the first inured to danger at Mill Spring, and the second fresh for the conflict. *Within a mile and a half all the rest of Buell's army lay idle* while Rousseau fought alone, his noble men dying uselessly. For *seven long hours* they fought in the presence and hearing of the grand army of the Ohio, and only night and darkness came to their aid. The guilt lies with one of four men—Rousseau, who commanded his division in the field; Alex. McCook, in whose corps was Rousseau's division, which fought, and Jackson's, which fled; Gilbert, whose corps lay idle within hearing; or Buell, *whose headquarters were but a mile and a half distant*. With which of the four lies the guilt?"

According to this correspondent, who writes from the battle-field, it would seem that all the different corps had arrived, and were in position; that several of them were within sight, and heard and saw the battle, and that Buell himself was only a mile and a half off, yet never went to the field. The enemy outflanked McCook, from which it would not seem as though they were on the defensive. Yet McCook made a gallant fight, and inflicted a heavy loss on the enemy.

We do not wish to hurry the government in the least—we do not wish it to move in the matter of new army appointments one moment before it is satisfied of the wisdom of such changes—we have no preferences to speak of—and yet we may be allowed to give it as our opinion that, ultimately, the generals who fail to do the necessary work of this war will have to give place to others. As that noblest of the rebels—Albert Sidney Johnston—wrote to Jeff. Davis, it seems a hard rule, but it is an inevitable one, that the test of military merit must be success. A commander may have admitted talents, he may have military experience, and he may be able to give the best of reasons for his failures, and yet, after all, be not the man for the hour. Reasons for failure in all great military undertakings, must necessarily always be numerous. But the great commander is he who can generally succeed in spite of all these obstacles. Who can overcome the elements, the deficient supplies of his troops, the perversity of his subordinate officers—especially those in high commands—and the hundreds of other causes that are perpetually putting his success in peril. While therefore we would not have our generals changed for every reverse they may suffer, we do insist that when a general has been fairly tried for a reasonable period, and fails to accomplish what he undertakes, and believes that he can accomplish, the part of wisdom is to try another, in case we have another to try.

We know that our soldiers often say that civilians expect too much from them—that hard marches and poor living will kill any army. We grant it. And yet if our armies are not able to march as rapidly, and fight, when they are half-starved and badly-clothed, as bravely as the rebels, how can they expect to be victorious? Napoleon said that the reason he always beat the Austrians, was "that they did not know the value of half an-hour." The Union Generals, so far, seem not to know the value of weeks and months.

Still, we do not complain. We are willing to wait until the whole community clearly perceives the necessity of having commanders who are full of fire, energy and spirit, and will infuse into their armies—for an army invariably copies its commander, if he is a man of any character at all,—their own restless energy and determined spirit. An army can be made so electric, that an enemy cannot come within twenty miles of it, without danger of receiving a shock. It can be filled with an idea of glory, of patriotism, that will render it full of restless vitality to its very finger ends—or the same army may be made by a dull and inert leader as tame and spiritless as a herd of cows. Oh, what a splendid sight it would be to see two hundred thousand of such men as we are contributing to this war, led, fired and invigorated by the electric presence, the glowing appeals, the magnificent daring of some great military genius!

——Since writing the above, we have the announcement that Major-General Rosecrans, of Ohio, has been appointed to succeed Gen. Buell. We are pleased indeed to chronicle this appointment, as it is the very one we would ourselves have made. Rosecrans, so far, has never lost a battle, and has always done as well as could reasonably be expected. And while of course it is impossible to judge positively as to his ability to manage affairs on a large scale, what he has done in Western Virginia, and at Iuka and Corinth, justifies the Administration in giving him a trial. That he may prove himself to be all that his country so greatly needs, is our earnest hope.

MR. GLADSTONE'S SPEECH.

On reading the full report of the recent speech of Mr. Gladstone, Chancellor of the Exchequer, and generally considered the most eloquent man in Parliament, at New Castle, England, we see nothing in it to warrant the impression that England intends a speedy recognition of the rebel confederacy. In fact we think it bears the other way—and that it is in perfect accord with the report brought by a later steamship, that "the English government had announced its intention of continuing a strict neutrality."

The substance of Mr. Gladstone's speech is in the following sentences:—

We may have our own opinions about slavery; we may be for the South or against the South, but there is no doubt, I think, about this—Jefferson Davis, and the other leaders of the South, have made an army; they are making, it appears, a navy; and they have made what is more than either, they have made a nation. [Enthusiastic cheering, which was prolonged for some time.] * * * * Gentlemen, from the bottom of our hearts we should desire that no new obstacle to peace may be formed. [Hear, hear, and cheers.] We may anticipate with certainty the success of the southern states, so far as regards effecting their separation from the North. I, for my own part, cannot but believe that that event is as certain as any event yet future and contingent can be. [Cheers.] But it is from feeling that that great event is likely to arise, and that the North will have to suffer that mortification, that I earnestly hope that England will do nothing to inflict additional shame, sorrow, or pain upon those who have already suffered much, and who will probably have to suffer more. [Cheers.] It may be that a time might arrive when it would be the duty of Europe to offer a word of expostulation, or of friendly aid, towards composing the quarrel. If it be even possible that such a time as that may arrive, how important it is that when that word comes it should address itself to minds which are not embittered by the recollection that unkind things have been said and done towards them in Europe, and above all in England, the country which, however they may find fault with it from time to time, we know holds the highest place in their admiration and respect. [Enthusiastic and prolonged cheers.]

Mr. Gladstone is mistaken in supposing that Jeff. Davis and the other rebel leaders "have made a nation," but the subject is not one to be argued in words; and, in spite of English predictions, the argument by battle is not yet concluded.

GOOD ADVICE.

The Secretary of the Sanitary Commission at Washington, published some weeks ago the following card to the friends and relatives of soldiers. We give it a prominent position in our columns, because it is important that the advice should be heeded:

The Sanitary Commission, at the request of Gen. Halleck, most earnestly advises against the practice of sending presents to soldiers of articles which it is supposed will add to the conveniences of their camp life. To the knowledge of the Commission, many hundred tons of such presents are now piled uselessly in storehouses and yards, and upon old camp grounds; while thousands have probably been destroyed to prevent their falling into the hands of the enemy, and but a small part of all that have been received by those to whom they were addressed have been of the smallest value to them, except as tokens of the affectionate interest of their friends. For this purpose, letters and such other small and light articles as can be transmitted by mail would have been much better. Larger gifts occasion serious practical mischief—men and officers being naturally averse to throwing them away—they add to the incumbrances, which are a chief cause of the excessive fatigue, and thus of the sickness of the soldier. Volunteers almost universally, until they learn better by dear bought experience, undertake to carry an excessive amount of clothing. To this cause, and to the excessive baggage of their officers, some of the severest losses of the Union forces in the present war are attributed by the highest military authority. But even when successful in battle, the attempt to secure comfort by the possession of an unusual amount of clothing is nearly always frustrated; the heaviest knapsack being thrown away at the first long-continued hard march, while the light one is retained, and the long and heavily-laden wagon trains being cut off, when the light and short one is protected. Similar observations apply to regimental hospitals. The hospital of a regiment in the field should be supplied with nothing but the barest necessities for the temporary treatment of the sick, who, in all serious cases, are removed as fast as possible to general hospitals, where the supplies of the regiment are not available. An excessive amount of regimental hospital stores and conveniences is a cruelty to the sick and wounded; for it occasions the frequent detention and separation from the regiment of the few articles essential to the usefulness of the surgeon. The Commission has from the first protested against a common error of surgeons in this respect, as well as against the greater evil of the common attempt of the volunteer soldiers to carry into the field too many of the means of comfort which they are habituated to in civil life. In compliance with the request of the General-in-Chief, the appeal is addressed to those by whose mistaken kindness both these evils are believed to have been greatly aggravated and sustained.

FRED. LAW OLMSTED, General Sec'y.

THE EXPORT OF GOLD.

Notwithstanding the outcry relative to the shipments of gold, it appears that in the first nine months of the year, the exportation has only been at about the same rate as in 1860, as witness the following figures:—

	1860.	1862.
January,	$853,562	$2,038,274
February,	977,099	3,776,919
March,	2,881,653	2,471,233
April,	2,995,512	4,037,675
May,	5,529,235	5,164,636
June,	6,842,080	9,397,614
July,	5,503,985	8,067,337
August,	7,454,813	3,713,532
September,	3,758,734	3,085,919
Total 9 months,	$39,287,378	$42,873,139

Taking last year and this, we have not lost yet $20,000,000 all told—for last year the balance was in our favor. For a country that "raises" some $50,000,000 of gold every year, an export of about as much is no great cause for alarm. A couple of great victories in the East and West would knock the bottom entirely out of the gold speculation, and leave some of the parties losers to the extent of twenty or thirty per cent. And the current of military events has been decidedly in our favor ever since Antietam.

EUROPEAN REFINEMENT.

At a bull fight given in Bayonne in honor of Louis Napoleon, six bulls and seven horses were killed. The principal matador, El Tato, received $1,000 for his day's work, which is higher wages than most slaughter houses pay.

It is positively stated that the fair and gentle Eugenie's taste for bull-baiting is to be gratified by the introduction of the sport into Paris. The celebrated El Tato, engaged for Paris at a great expense, and the genuine performance with real blood, gored horses, wounded men, and trailing entrails, was to begin at the Pasey Hippodrome on the 3d inst.

The Elector of Hesse Cassell, not long since, in his own princely theatre, quarreled with his wife, the Electress, gave her a tremendous scolding, and dragged her out after him by the skirts. The audience were very quiet and decidedly amused by this connubial comedy in high life.

We rude and barbarous Republicans in the United States, have no idea of what aristocratic refinement consists in—and therefore it is well to publish occasionally little paragraphs like the above, to show how far ahead of us in all the amenities of life and of civilization are the aristocratic classes of Europe.

☞ Among the articles received by the Washington Sanitary Commission, lately, was a good and patriotic old lady's tribute, to be laid on the altar of her country, bearing this inscription:—"These socks were spun and knit by Mrs. Zeurah Clapp, 86 years of age, whose hands in youth were engaged in moulding bullets in the Revolutionary War. *Keep the toes of these socks towards the rebels.* Chestertown, New Hampshire."

☞ TIME AND ETERNITY.—A Christian traveller tells us, that he saw the following admonition printed on a folio sheet in an inn in Savoy:—"Understand well the force of the words—a God, a moment, an eternity; a God who sees you, a moment which flies from you, an eternity which awaits you: a God whom you serve so ill; a moment of which you so little profit; an eternity which you hazard so rashly."

A SPLENDID PREMIUM.

WHO WANTS A SEWING MACHINE?

As every housekeeper now-a-days feels the necessity of procuring a Sewing Machine, we have the gratification of announcing to our lady readers, that we are able to offer them the following splendid and useful Premium:

For 30 subscribers to THE POST, and $60—we will forward the person sending the list and the money, one of Wheeler & Wilson's celebrated $45 Sewing Machines!

Wheeler & Wilson's machines are universally known—more of their sewing machines being sold than of all others together—and therefore we need not enlarge upon their merits. We may say, however, that they have recently taken the HIGHEST PREMIUM at the WORLD'S FAIR now being held in LONDON—all other machines being in competition. The machines forwarded by us will be selected new at the manufactory in New York, and will be sent, well boxed, with full directions for setting up and using, and with no expense, *except for freight*.

The Machine that will be sent by us will be the No. 8 Machine, Plain, with Plain table, *suitable for family use*, sold by the manufacturer at $45. So far as use is concerned, this Machine is believed to be equal to the higher priced ones. If, however, one of the more ornamental and expensive machines is desired by any one, we will make a special arrangement for it.

In procuring the subscribers for this Premium, we of course prefer that the 30 subscribers should be procured independently of each other, at the regular terms of $2,00 for each subscriber. Where this cannot be done, the subscribers may be procured at any of our club rates, and the balance of the $60 forwarded to us in cash by the person desiring the machine.

Every person collecting names for the Sewing Machine Premium, should send the names with the money as fast as obtained, so that the subscribers may begin at once to receive their papers, and not become dissatisfied with the delay. When the whole number of names (30), and whole amount of money ($60), is received, the machine will be duly forwarded.

NEW PUBLICATIONS.

SLATE DRAWING BOOKS. In six parts. Published by Fisher & Bros., Philadelphia and Baltimore.

THE SLAVE POWER: ITS CHARACTER, CAREER, AND PROBABLE DESIGNS. Being an Attempt to Explain the Real Issues Involved in the American Contest. By J. E. CAIRNES, M. A., Professor of Jurisprudence and Political Economy in Queen's College, Galway. Published by Carleton, New York; and for sale by T. B. Peterson & Bros., Phila.

THE POEMS OF OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES. With a Portrait of the Author. In "blue and gilt." Published by Ticknor & Fields, Boston; and for sale by T. B. Peterson & Bros., Phila.

THE NEW AMERICAN CYCLOPÆDIA. A Popular Dictionary of General Knowledge. Edited by George Ripley and Chas. A. Dana. Volume XV. Spiritualism—Uzziah. Published by D. Appleton & Co., New York; and for sale by J. K. Simon, Agent, No. 33 South Sixth St., Phila.

HARPER'S MAGAZINE, for November. For sale by J. B. Lippincott & Co., Philadelphia.

ATLANTIC MONTHLY, for November.

KNICKERBOCKER MAGAZINE, for November.

☞ An earnest countryman lately stopped the lightning train over the Lake Shore railroad, near Mentor, with wild gesticulations as he stood near the track. When the conductor and some excited passengers demanded to know "what's the matter?" the countryman drawled out: "I was thinking of going to Erie some time this yere summer, and I tho't I'd larn the price you'd ax a feller for going."

☞ Some writers state that the captains of vessels sailing on the Mediterranean Sea employed a very simple compass long before the Chinese one was brought to Europe. It consisted of a common sewing needle, touched with a natural loadstone, mounted upon a piece of cork, and permitted to float in water placed in a bowl of earthenware.

☞ SCOTCH CROWS.—In Scotland, the crows, who take such good care to keep out of gunshot on every "lawful day," on the Sabbath come close up to the houses, and seek their food within a few yards of the farmer and his men—discovering the recurrence of the Sacred day from the ringing of the bells, and the discontinuance of labor in the fields, and knowing that while it lasts they are safe.—*Lord Campbell's "Lives of the Chancellors."*

☞ The peaceful Chippewa Indians, out in Minnesota, have a gay and festive way of adorning themselves. The height of the fashion among them is to paint one side of the face yellow and the other black, a pink line down the centre of the nose, one eye variegated green, hair tied up in tufts, and surmounted with a huge eagle's feather. In this guise the old savages consider themselves quite irresistible.

☞ Every available article seems bound to go to lint, just now. The oddest instance of this that we have yet heard of, however, was furnished yesterday by our Milesian reporter, who, on being asked for a loan of his umbrella, said that it was lint already.

☞ Whenever I find a great deal of gratitude in a poor man, I take it for granted there would be as much generosity if he were a rich man.

WAR AND ITS GAINS.

BY NORMAN MACLEOD, D. D.,
ONE OF QUEEN VICTORIA'S CHAPLAINS.

"The horrors of war" is a theme on which it is easy to descant, and one which it is impossible adequately to realize or to exaggerate. No event can more thoroughly absorb and terribly excite every faculty in man than a great battle; nor can any spectacle be more frightful or depressing than a vast battle-field when the combat is ended. We do not wonder, therefore, that Christian men, or those possessed of even the most ordinary philanthropy, should unite together and make every effort in their power for the purpose of imbuing society with a wholesome aversion to war. There are times, also, when it may be peculiarly necessary to quicken a nation's sense of the awful responsibility which it incurs, if it proclaims war before every possible means of saving mankind from so great a sacrifice have been exhausted. At all times, indeed, it is necessary to put down that light and unbecoming spirit, with which a duty so very solemn as that of sacrificing our own lives or the lives of our fellow-men is accepted by ourselves or delegated to others.—Amidst the alarm of the threatened invasion of '98, Coleridge thus uttered his vehement protest against such a spirit:—

"Secure from actual warfare, we have loved
To swell the war-whoop, passionate for war!
We send our mandates for the certain death
Of thousands and ten thousands! boys and girls,
And women that would groan to see a child
Pull off an insect's leg, all read of war:
The best amusement for our morning's meal!
The poor wretch, who has learnt his prayers
From curses, who knows scarcely words enough
To ask a blessing from his heavenly Father,
Becomes a fluent phrase-man, absolute
And technical in victories and defeat,
And all our dainty terms of fratricide;
Terms which we trundle smoothly on our tongues,
Like mere abstractions, empty sounds to which
We join no feeling, and attach no form!
As if the soldier died without a wound;
As if the three of this godlike frame
Were gored without a pang; as if the wretch
Who fell in battle doing bloody deeds,
Passed off to heaven translated and not killed,
As though he had no wife to pine for him,
No God to judge him!"

But while we do not underrate the moral and social evils among a people which a passion for war at once evidences and increases, we must not be driven to the opposite extreme of denouncing war as being itself a great crime. Such an opinion not only involves the condemnation of some of the noblest achievements of the greatest nations, but the entire lives of their noblest men, while it makes God's providential government over the world a profounder mystery, and a mere inextricable riddle.

Let us offer a few observations upon the lawfulness of war and its gains, not, indeed, with the desire of stimulating any feelings of enmity between man and man, but of diminishing, in some degree, the weight of the burthen which oppresses many a good and loving heart in contemplating war with all its losses and accompanying horrors.

Now it is our firm conviction that war, in its fiercest form, may be opposed neither to the letter nor spirit of Christianity; while "peace at any price" is unprincipled selfishness, and opposed to both. A national war is lawful when it is resorted to as the only means left of defending the right by might; and then it is one of the noblest forms of self-sacrifice; for it is the sacrifice by the nation of its wealth and people, and by the soldier of a thousand blessings, and of life itself, rather than part with liberty, which is essential to a nation's existence, or with righteousness which is essential to the world's progress. On the other hand, the man, who rather than fight would purchase earthly blessings by the sacrifice of the right, manifests the spirit of an animalized and degraded slave, who prefers life to duty, and shrinks from the vindication, at all hazards, of truth and honor.

It is, of course, admitted that war, if inconsistent with the exercise of Christian love towards our "enemies," is indefensible, inasmuch as love is the very spirit of Christianity, and is that eternal bond which, in no case, and in no circumstances whatever, can be broken with impunity. It is, however, not only possible to fight until death, and to sacrifice the lives of our enemies, as well as our own, without hating the one more than the other, but the absence of all personal hate is one of the very characteristics of national warfare, as distinguished from personal animosity or family feuds. War, when lawful, ought to be, and may be, as free from any personal dislike of the enemy, as the condemnation or execution of a criminal is free from all private or personal hate to the criminal himself on the part of the judge or the executioner.

This is evidenced by many a fact that could be gathered from the annals of war. How often, for example, have commanders been obliged to forbid the too friendly and familiar intercourse in which the outposts of the contending armies indulged, sometimes in the exchange of mere civil ties, and at other times of soldiers' luxuries. What displays of finest generosity have been witnessed on the part of the strong towards the weak, even in the very "current of the heady fight;" as when the French cavalry officer in the charge was about to cut down the wounded Napier, until, suddenly perceiving his disabled arm, he lowered his weapon, saluted him, and passed on in the *melee!* And should the white flag of peace be raised above the smoke of the sternest fight, and the message fly from rank to rank that the war is over, in a moment foe will meet with foe, to embrace as friend with friend. Men who an hour before were ready to seek each other's death, would in the next moment clasp each other's hands with the warmth of a common brotherhood; and veterans, whose eyes would never quail before the storm of shot and shell, will not be ashamed to drop a tear of thanksgiving when hearing the trumpet-note of peace. We thus believe that there may be less of the spirit of personal dislike in the bloodiest battle ever fought between soldiers, than in many a "religious" combat between divines; and that a tract of a Peace Society may be written by a pen guided by a more bitter personal dislike than any sword ever wielded by the hero of a hundred fights.

We do not allege that the spirit which we have described is that which imbues every soldier; but we maintain that it is the genuine soldier's spirit, and essential to that chivalry which, in every age, has united the brave with the gentle—the true hero with the true "*gentle*-man." Unless a soldier could thus love his enemies whom he nevertheless kills, and that more truly than the judge can love the criminal whom he nevertheless hangs, it would be impossible for a Christian to enter the ranks of the army. And what could be said of the many illustrious champions of the Cross who have been as illustrious champions in many a bloody battle? They must have lived and died under a gross delusion, or been condemned by God for hating and murdering their fellow-men,—and this no man but a fanatic or a fool believes. We admit—what, alas! is too well known for us to be able to deny—that every war has given birth to dreadful deeds of cruelty and revenge; for every army, as armies are at present constituted, has some in its ranks recruited from the most ignorant and degraded of our population. But we believe, and it is more to our purpose, that in the vast majority of cases in which lawful war becomes lawless hate, it will be found that personal injury, as in India, or party passion, as in America, have actuated, or have been assumed to have actuated, those in whom the war has originated. It is thus, too, that the fiercest wars, and the most unjustifiable, have been civil wars, for these have been mixed up with personal and party questions. For the same reason, a riotous mob manifest hatred to volunteers or yeomanry raised from among themselves, who may be called out to quell the riot—a hatred which is not felt towards regular troops who are recognized as those who do their duty officially, without the possibility of having any *personal* feeling in the matter.

The lawfulness of the wars recorded in the Old Testament waged against idolaters, requires no justification from us. These were but the carrying out of the sentence of execution justly passed by God upon great criminals, and with heavy personal sacrifices also on the part of the executioners. Hence those heroes of the olden time who fought so bravely for Israel are commemorated by the apostle as men of faith, who "subdued kingdoms," "waxed valiant in fight, turning to flight the armies of the aliens." Nor do we believe that the hatred expressed in the Psalms and elsewhere was in the least degree of a personal kind, but a holy and solemn condemnation of the enemies of all righteousness. David himself, from his very temperament, apart from his principles, was naturally and habitually a generous-hearted, chivalrous man—as witness his conduct towards Saul. It is impossible to conceive such a man embodying feelings of private or personal hate and revenge in his devotions before his God. But he could, nevertheless, "give thanks unto the Lord, for he is good," and "to him which smote great kings," for "His *mercy* endureth forever!"

The following is a beautiful illustration from the Old Testament of the true spirit which should actuate soldiers in war, and a grand protest against the spirit of revenge:

"And the children of Israel carried away captive of their brethren two hundred thousand, women, sons, and daughters, and took also away much spoil from them, and brought the spoil to Samaria. But a prophet of the Lord was there, whose name was Oded: and he went out before the host that came to Samaria, and said unto them—Behold, because the Lord God of your fathers was wroth with Judah, he hath delivered them into your hand, *and ye have slain them in a rage that reacheth up unto Heaven.* And now ye purpose to keep under the children of Judah and Jerusalem for bondmen and bondwomen unto you: but *are there not with you, even with you, sins against the Lord your God?* * * * * So the armed men left the captives and the spoil before the princes and all the congregation. And the men which were expressed by name, rose up, and took the captives, and with the spoil clothed all that were naked among them, and arrayed them, and shod them, and gave them to eat and to drink, and anointed them, and carried all the feeble of them upon asses, and brought them to Jericho, the city of palm trees, to their brethren: then they returned to Samaria."

But we may look at war from another point of view, and as affording a remarkable illustration of what seems to be a law affecting the progress of the race. For it would appear, in this portion, at least, of the kingdom of God, that no life can exist except through death. We see this exemplified in the history of the world. When new life was promised to Adam, it was preceded by the sentence of death. When life came to the world in the preservation of Noah, death also came in the destruction of its former inhabitants. The emancipation of Israel from bondage was the preservation of the world's life; but this was accomplished only after plagues had desolated Egypt, and Pharaoh and his host were overthrown in the Red Sea. The possession of Canaan, which became the centre of life to the world, was acquired through war and the extinction of the abominable Canaanites. The establishment upon earth of the Christian Church, as the life of humanity, required the death of the old Jewish Church and nation; while the life of the whole body of the Church in heaven must be preceded by the death of all its members. The same principle holds true in the individual soul. We must die in order to live. The resurrection of the new man is possible only through the crucifixion and burial of the old man. Thus we see that the grand fact in the world's history of the death of Christ, in order that life should come to the world, is an embodiment of a great law in God's kingdom, and interprets rather than is interpreted by, all the other workings of the same law.

Accordingly, no great benefit has ever come to the world, or to nations, without the death and desolation of famine, pestilence, persecution, or war. In looking back along the centuries of history, we can remember none! It may seem to us strange and mysterious that so it should be, but so it has been. In every case the light has come out of darkness—the happiness, though suffering—the life through death. Mankind reach God's kingdom of good only through "much tribulation." The death may, indeed, belong to sin or its wages; but the life is of God, and His gift. Granting that every war is caused by evil somewhere, and that it is at once its effect and punishment, yet we believe that in the merciful as well as just providence of God, it becomes to a large extent its cure; and though, like every form of chastisement, it is not "for the present joyous but grevious," yet "afterwards it yields the peaceable fruits of righteousness." God thus makes man's wrath to praise Him; and the awful power of evil which has not originated in Him is yet so controlled and directed by Him as to help on the good. "Oh the depth of the riches both of the wisdom and knowledge of God! How unsearchable are His judgments, and His ways past finding out!"

And if the life thus never comes without the death, so may we feel assured that the death is never in vain, or never fails to issue in life, or in some way or other to contribute to its existence or growth. Let us not then be crushed by the thought that losses in war have been losses only, without any corresponding gains, and nothing more than huge hetacombs offered up to the ambition or pride of monarchies or republics, or results of the diplomatic blunders and selfish policy of ignorant or wicked men. We have too much confidence in the justice and love of Christ's reign to believe this. Never would He permit the blood of many noble hearts to be shed, nor so many sacrifices to be made by Christian families, unless, through this same death, He was to give life more abundantly to the world. The losses from war have been tremendous in our own day in Europe, India, and America; but we may surely be permitted to believe, that the gain to human liberty, to religion, and to the spread of the gospel, will be proportionate. The funeral has been large. The civilized world has followed the biers of the warriors who fell, and millions have dropped tears into their graves; but the civilized world will enjoy the legacy which they have left behind. The benefits that are to accrue to mankind from war may possibly, and for a time, be unseen, but our faith in God's government, and the experience gathered from the history of the world, assures us, that though a winter of bitter cold and wild storm-blast may intervene before the harvest, yet that a harvest *must* come, when what is now sown in tears in the bloody battle-field will, by us or by our posterity, be reaped with joy. The present death of thousands, though occasioned by the great sin of the world, is, nevertheless, a prelude to a resurrection to the world of future life, social, political, and religious.

The last ten years have witnessed several great and important wars; as in the Crimea, India, Italy and America. It would be difficult and presumptuous in us to attempt to specify the particular evils which occasioned those wars; although we might hazard the conjecture that the ambition—ecclesiastical as well as civil—and despotism of Russia, which threatened to overturn the balance of power in Europe, had no small share in causing the Crimean campaign; that our own covetousness and rapacity in India, along with the chronic hatred of the heathen to a Christian government, had something to do with the rebellion in India; that the tyranny of Austria and of the Pope stirred up Italy, while slavery is confessedly the grand cause of the war raging at present in America.

Those great moments in history which were recently so very present to us, are already stealing away into the dimness of the past. Yet they must ever remain fresh in the memory of the present generation, who once read with "bated breath" the telegrams which told the progress of the death struggle. We like to pause and recall that Crimean time of anxiety and sorrow. We cannot forget those accounts which we read with such intense interest of that long struggle sustained by 400,000 men around the beleaguered fortress, and within a space hardly ten miles square;—artillery roaring night and day for months; shells in ceaseless showers hissing and rushing through the sky; trenches digging; attacking, and defending; batteries mounting and dismounting; nightly sorties, with firing, shouts, and death-struggles in the darkness; men perishing daily in hundreds from cold, disease, agonizing wounds, or the sudden crash of shot or shell. We remember the days of more than ordinary peril and more wide-spread calamity—days of hurricane, when navies were sunk, or of fierce onset against the fortress, when armies seemed to march forward for hours, amidst the hell of turmoil and carnage, into some unseen and unknown dread bourne from whence no soldier returned. Who can forget the crowds of sufferers who streamed from the shores of the Crimea to add to the horrors of the already overcrowded hospitals, or the graves which were ever digging round their walls? Or who can forget the messengers of woe which every day left the seat of war and visited Europe, knocking at the doors of ten thousand homes, telling children that they were orphans, wives that they were widows, parents that the pride of their heart was laid low, sisters that their brothers were killed, and a large circle of friends and neighbors that old familiar faces should be seen no more!

Now the Crimea has long been deserted, and left to the gentle influences of nature, and the peaceful occupations of man. The green grass grows in luxuriance over the heights so long trodden by embattled hosts; the harbor of Balaclava is silent as a mountain tarn; cattle browse along the line of the once busy railway; the bee hums among the wild flowers on the graves of our countrymen; the lark sings over the fields drenched by blood; the husbandman pauses to examine records of battle turned up by his plough; strangers, year after year, visit the memorable scene, and trace out the spots consecrated by patient suffering or heroic valor; and many an unlettered wanderer in vain attempts to decipher the inscriptions over our English dead—inscriptions which will be read through tears by pilgrims from afar who visit their graves, and to whom the names on those humble tablets are records of the history of a life.

But what have we gained by that war? Our losses have been great;* have there been adequate returns of good? We think there have. One result has been that Russia, which, like a second Babylon, threatened to be a hammer to break the nations of the earth, has been broken—driven back from her advance towards Europe and the East, and compelled to accept a peace, with the loss of fortresses, fleets, armies, influence, and the glory of being invincible, which charmed nations to become her slaves; while she herself has been mercifully compelled to direct her energies to the development of her own rich and almost inexhaustible resources, and to the improvement of her people. Besides this, additional security has been obtained for the permanence of the British rule in India, which we think is now identical with the best interests of that great country.

But perhaps the greatest gain to humanity from the Crimean War has been the freedom thereby secured throughout the Turkish dominions, not only for Christians so called, but for Mahometans who may embrace the Christian faith. This is a great gain to humanity. For twelve hundred years has Islam reigned, and brooked no rival. For twelve hundred years it has been death to a Mahometan to believe in Christ as the only Saviour. For twelve hundred years Mahometanism, numbering at present more than one hundred million souls, has been shut out from all the light and life of the Gospel. *Now*, Islam is practically destroyed! It has been permitted, in the calm and patient government of God, to do its best or its worst—to be, if it could, the life of an empire—the life of the race. Twelve centuries have been given it to make the experiment, with the fairest and holiest portion of the earth to make it in, and with unlimited power to back its efforts. The experiment has failed; failed utterly and deplorably. Mahometanism has given birth to no permanent literature, philosophy, science, or hardly even to works of art, except some noble buildings in India. It has triumphed cruelly, reigned despotically, indulged itself sensually, until it has become effete, degraded, sunk. But now a new era has come, and Christianity, ever fresh and ever young, steps in to save Turkey from being blotted out from the map of nations, and to conquer her as an enemy by making her a friend. The fact of the Prince of Wales having been the first Christian who was ever admitted into the Mosque of Hebron, is itself a proof of the change which has come over Turkey since the war. The wedge has got in its edge, and those Mahometan fanatics who think that it must end in destroying Islam, are not mistaken.

Not less vivid are the recollections of the last Indian war, nor less bright our hopes of its good results. We remember, but as yesterday, how the tidings of a mutinous regiment here and there were at first received without any alarm, but how, when the whole army was infected, our confidence at home well nigh yielded to despair. The unparalleled drama passes before our eyes in tragic scenes, repeated across the wide plains of India; the sudden treachery of the Sepoys, the massacre of their officers, the hurried flights of terrified residents and their families, the marvellous escapes of some, and the cruel destruction of others. Cawnpore, Delhi, Lucknow!—when shall these scenes or names be forgotten? Our losses were great indeed during that dreadful time. Many a family lost its fairest, bravest, and best. Tens of thousands perished in battle, by massacre, or by disease, and hatred to the British rule was intensified in many a native breast. But what have been our gains? The Government of Great Britain has been established stronger than ever over the whole peninsula of India with its 170 millions of inhabitants! *That* is a gain to humanity which cannot be too highly estimated, provided always that Christian Britain realizes the grandeur of her duties towards her Eastern dominions. And this, by God's help, she *has* been doing of late more than ever, and will, we believe and hope, continue to do more and more. The interests of the people of India can never now be what they have often been—objects of indifference to the people of England. The end of the mutiny marked the beginning of a new era in Indian history, which promises to be one of such just government, political freedom, commercial enterprize, enlightened education, and wise missionary effort, as will a thousand-fold recompense us for all the sacrifices of the war by which such results have been secured.

Nor, in reckoning up those results, can we overlook one which is apt to escape our notice; and that is the influence which the courage of our countryman in India must exercise upon future generations. It appears to us that the hand of God was never seen more clearly revealed in history than in those men whom He raised up to preserve our rule in India; in the power, wisdom, and bravery with which He endowed them; and in the deliverances which He vouchsafed to them. And should the day ever come when a degenerate people are disposed from enervating sloth to succumb before difficulties, from selfish fear to fly from danger, or in despair to give up their national power and privileges,—then may the story of the march of Havelock to Cawnpore, or the defence and relief of Lucknow, with the memories of the indomitable few who everywhere battled against the fearful odds, stir up the last drop of blood in their hearts, and nerve them to act worthily of such an ancestry, and to quit themselves like men! No war is in vain which thus strengthens the self-reliance, the self-respect, and the independence of a great nation, consecrated by God for high and holy purposes on earth.

It is premature, perhaps, for us to calculate the gains to mankind from the Italian campaign, or from the civil conflict now raging so fiercely in America. But as regards Italy, the creation of a free nation out of small states, crushed by civil and ecclesiastical tyranny, and the check given to the Papal power, are results already visible, and more than sufficient to repay the losses of Solferino or Magenta. As to America, there seems to be but one opinion, that whatever be the issue of the war on the union of the North and South, the institution of slavery, which occasioned that war, is doomed to perish as its certain result. The fearful losses in this most fierce and bloody conflict will thus in some degree measure the magnitude of the evil which was its proximate cause, and of the good which will be its ultimate effect.

"The Lord reigneth; let the people tremble:
The Lord reigneth; let the earth rejoice."

* It has been computed, by the best authority, after careful examination of details, that the Crimean War, directly or indirectly, caused the loss of upwards of 800,000 to Russia, 120,000 to Turkey, 85,000 to France, 60,000 to Austria—by disease, in her army of observation—and 20,000 to Great Britain. It is not generally known how small our loss has been, in comparison with that of other nations, who are not in the habit of revealing, but of concealing their calamities.

☞ A worthless, broken little bit of looking-glass, glittering on the earth, will, say the fowlers, bring down the lark from her most towering height. How many a human aspiration has been checked by something similar.

☞ While the rebels have several prominent officers named Lee, they by no means have the monopoly of the name, Massachusetts having three Colonels with this cognomen—the commanders of the 20th, 27th and 44th regiments.

☞ Douglas Jerrold said, "Treason is like diamonds—there is nothing to be made in it by the small trader." Jeff. Davis & Co. are doing a great business in treason, but that it will prove profitable in the end is somewhat doubtful.

☞ An arrow discharged by the Indians in a recent massacre at Madelia, was taken from the body of one of the victims on the day after the fatal occurrence. The arrow penetrated through the heart to the depth of twelve inches. The Indians discharged these instruments with wonderful accuracy and terrible effect. Instances were seen of their having gone entirely through the body.

☞ A horse-dealer, in showing off a spirited nag to a customer, received a kick in his ribs, and although smarting under the pain, made up the best face he could, and exclaimed, "Pretty playful creature!"

☞ Mr. ——, a great epicure, was afflicted with very short sight. One day at a dinner, where the table was heaped with the choicest delicacies, he called the servant to him, and whispered—

"Have I had some of everything on the table?"

General McClellan Advancing.

HARPER'S FERRY, Oct. 27, 6, P. M.—I am happy to be able to inform you that the advance of the Army of the Potomac commenced this morning, and I have reason to believe that before to-morrow night the movement will be general along the whole line, placing the Potomac in our rear.

At daylight this morning the cavalry force of Gen. Pleasonton, with four pieces of artillery, crossed the new pontoon bridge at Berlin, eight miles east of Harper's Ferry, and proceeded direct to Lovettsville, in Loudoun county, and then towards Leesburg.

Burnside is following with the second army corps.

GALVESTON (TEXAS) CAPTURED.

Galveston was occupied by the Union troops on the 4th—the rebels evacuating the place.

NASHVILLE.—It was reported the rebels were advancing on Nashville on the 25th.

REBEL NEWS FROM SOUTH CAROLINA.

FORTRESS MONROE, October 25.—The Richmond Dispatch, of yesterday, contains the following:

ATTACK ON THE CHARLESTON RAILROAD—REPULSE OF THE ENEMY.

The following official despatch was received yesterday:

"SAVANNAH, Oct. 23rd.

"*To General S. Cooper:*

"The Abolitionists attacked in force Pocotaligo and Coosawatchie, yesterday. They were gallantly repulsed to their gun-boats, at Markey's Point and Bee's Creek Landing, by Col. W. S. Walker, commanding troops sent from here. The enemy had come in thirteen transports and gun-boats.

"The Charleston Railroad is uninjured. The Abolitionists left their dead and wounded on the field. Our cavalry are in hot pursuit.

(Signed) "G. T. BEAUREGARD,
"General commanding."

"CHARLESTON, Oct. 23.—The enemy's gunboats are anchored below Coosawatchie, and the enemy has been driven to his boats."

Rumored Rebel Advance on Yorktown.

FORTRESS MONROE, Oct. 24.—News has just reached me through a source in which I place full credence, that the rebel General Wise is advancing on Yorktown with twenty thousand men. His main body has reached New Kent Court House. His army is composed entirely of conscripts.

In my opinion, it is the intention of the rebels at present merely to reoccupy the works in front of Williamsburg—a position which, with very little skill, can be made equally as strong as that of Yorktown. This would render an advance of ours in that direction one of no ordinary magnitude.

LATEST NEWS.

From Gen. McClellan's Army.

WASHINGTON, Oct. 26.—The reconnoissance from Gen. Sigel's command to Lovettsville discovered that the rebel General Mumford is there with 1,500 men and some artillery.

Another reconnoissance to Throughfare Gap discovered a small rebel force at New Baltimore.

The enemy is also reported at Warrenton, consisting of 2,000 cavalry, some infantry and artillery.

HARPER'S FERRY, Oct. 25.—[Special dispatch to the New York Herald.]—The rebel pickets disappeared from our front last night. The evidences that the enemy is moving towards Gordonsville multiply. For four days large wagon trains have been leaving Winchester, and large camps have been established at Front Royal.

WASHINGTON, Oct. 25.—[Special to the New York Times.]—The rebels are generally believed to be rapidly retreating southward. Their pickets have disappeared in front of our lines. They evacuated Martinsburg, after destroying the railroad property.

General Scofield Defeats the Rebels in Arkansas.

WASHINGTON, Oct. 25.—The following was received at the headquarters of the army today:

St. Louis, Mo., Oct. 24, 1862.—To Maj.-Gen. Halleck, General in-Chief. Our arms are entirely successful against northwest Arkansas. Gen. Scofield, finding that the enemy had camped at Pea Ridge, sent Gen. Blunt, with the first division, westward, and moved towards Huntsville with the rest of his forces. Gen. Blunt, by making a hard night's march, reached and attacked the rebel force at Maysville, near the northwest corner of Arkansas, at 7 o'clock, A. M., on the 22d inst. The enemy was under cover, estimated at some 5,000 to 7,000 strong. The engagement lasted about an hour, and resulted in the total rout of the enemy, with the loss of all his artillery, a battery of six pounders, a large number of horses, and a portion of their transportation, camp and garrison equipage. Our cavalry and light howitzers were still in pursuit of the scattered forces. When the messenger left, our loss was small. Gen. Scofield pursued the rebels through Maysville and beyond Huntsville. Coming close upon him, the enemy fled precipitately beyond the Boston Mountain. All the organized rebel forces of the west have thus been driven back to the valley of the Arkansas river, and the Army of the Frontier has gallantly and successfully accomplished its mission. S. R. CURTIS,
Maj.-Gen. Commanding.

The Convocation of Governors.

NEW YORK, Oct. 26.—The New York Herald has a Cincinnati dispatch stating that the Governors of Iowa, Michigan, Illinois and Indiana have gone to Washington to attend the Gubernatorial Convention. In addition to the propositions to be submitted to the Convention demanding a change in the commands of the eastern and western armies in the field, a vigorous prosecution of the war and a change in the treatment of the rebels, the Herald's correspondent says: "I have information that a proposition has been received at Washington from leading southern men suggesting the holding of a National Convention by representatives of all parts of the Union, to attend to consider the feasibility of settling the present difficulty. It is understood the south proposes as a basis of settlement—

First—The north shall recognize the state right doctrine of secession, which they claim to be founded on the resolutions 1798 and 1799, by Jefferson and Madison.

Second—That they return fugitives from labor, or pay their value to their owners.

It is also understood that they will accept the Crittenden compromise as a basis of a settlement in relation to slavery in the territories. If the Governors do not sanction the holding of such a convention, then they are to unite in demanding of the President a vigorous prosecution of the war.

INDIANAPOLIS, Oct. 25.—It is believed here that the statement telegraphed from Cincinnati to the New York Herald that the Governors will reassemble at Washington next week to dictate a policy with reference to army movements is a canard. Gov. Morton is ignorant of any such arrangement. Governors Morton and Yates, of Illinois, went to Louisville a few days since on business connected with the troops of their respective states. Governor Yates returned to Springfield to-day.

The War in Kentucky.

LOUISVILLE, Oct. 25.—A detachment sent out by Col. Bruce from Bowling Green, attacked Morgan's forces at Morgantown, yesterday, capturing sixteen prisoners, whereupon Morgan's men retreated towards Rochester, where they were joined by Woodward and Johnson. Previous to their making this junction, Col. Shackelford, with his forces, had a fight with another band of Morgan's guerillas, and captured twenty-seven prisoners. No further information has been received from Buell or Bragg's forces. Gens. Buell and Rousseau arrived here yesterday.

The War in Missouri.

LEBANON, Mo., Oct 25.—A party of rebels, supposed to be 150 strong, crossed Springfield road, 20 miles from this place, yesterday afternoon. Information was received from Dallas county, at the same time, that a rebel force was moving south, and were about 20 miles west. Major H. Caldwell started on the Springfield road in pursuit, at dark, with 120 men. At midnight information was received that the rebel party were 4 miles to the west of the road, at Grenset, and numbered 500 men, only one half of whom were armed. Major Caldwell was reinforced by a 100 men this morning.

Nothing has been heard of the rebels or those in pursuit since. The rebels fell in with the mail coach at the road crossing, capturing 5 passengers (all U. S. officers), the horses, mails and drivers.

Official Result of the Ohio Election.

CINCINNATI, Oct. 25.—The official returns of the State election give a Democratic majority for Supreme Judge of 8,740.

REBEL GENERAL VAN DORN REPORTED KILLED.—LOUISVILLE, KY., Oct. 23.—A report has reached this city, of a reliable character, to the effect that the rebel Van Dorn was killed by a staff officer of the rebel Price. Van Dorn and Price had some difficulty; Van Dorn drew a pistol to shoot him, but Price's staff officer killed Van Dorn before he could fire.

THE SOLDIERS' VOTE.—In Iowa the soldiers vote, and the following is the vote of some thirty regiments, camps, &c.:—Republican, 6,920; Democrats, 1,866.

☞ A Lowell soldier writes home:—"I think, when I come home, it will be utterly impossible for me to presume to think of sleeping in a bed; but shall have to take up my quarters in the open yard, with no covering but my blanket. I call myself *some* at the wash-tub, and shall be willing to take my turn at that when I return. Darning stockings is the greatest trial I endure."

GARIBALDI.

BY GERALD MASSEY.

The Lion is down, and how the Dogs will run;
Something above the level is their delight
For insult; Asses lift the hoof to smite;
The Birds of darkness hoot, "His day is done."

"Would he had kept his attitude sublime!"
Cry some; "With crossed arms held his heart at rest,
And left us his grand likeness at its best;
High on a hill up which the world might climb!"

"Better for all had he been sooner shrined;
The old true heart, and very foolish head!
A model Man—especially if dead—
Perfect as some Greek statue—and as blind!"

Friends talk of failure; and I know how he
Will slowly lift his loving, cordial eyes
And look them through, with mournful, strange surprise,
Until they shrink and feel 'tis Italy

Has failed instead. The words they came to speak
Will sink back awed by his majestic calm.
His wounds are such as bleed immortal balm,
And he is strong again; the friends are weak.

It is not failure to be thus struck down
By Brothers who obeyed their Foe's command,
And in the darkness lopped the saving hand
Put forth to reach their country her last crown.

He only sought to see her safely home;
The tragic trials end; the sufferings cease,
In wedded oneness and completing peace;
Then bow his grey old head and die in Rome.

It is no failure to be thus struck back—
Caught in a Country's arms—clasp't to her heart—
She tends his wounds awhile, and then will start
Afresh! Some precious drops mark out her track.

No failure! though the rocks may dash in foam
This first strength of a nation's new life-stream,
'Twill rise—a Bow of Promise—that shall gleam
In glory over all the waves to come.

We miss a footstep, thinking "Here's a stair,"
In some uncertain way we darkly tread;
But God's enduring skies are overhead,
And spirits step their surest oft in air.

His ways are not as our ways; the new birth,
At cost of the old life, is often given.
To-day God crowns the Martyrs in his heaven;
To-morrow whips their murderers on our earth.

You take back Garibaldi to his prison!
Why, *this* may be the very road to Rome;
They would have said, "She croucheth to her doom,"
If Italy, in some shape, had not risen!

I say 'twas God's voice bade him offer up
Himself for Aspromonte's sacrifice;
So, to that height, his countrymen might rise:
For them he freely drank his bitter cup.

It is a faith too many yet receive,—
Since the false prophecy of old went forth—
"The tribe of Judas yet shall rule the earth."
But he is one that never would believe.

His vision is most clear where ours is dim.
The mystic spirit of eternity
That slumbers in us deep and dreamingly,
Was ever quick and more awake in him.

And so he fixed his look across the night:
His face, though bright as sunshine, often told
How the soul's underworld in darkness rolled,
And what he saw with sorrow's second sight:

But, like a lamp across some dismal heath,
A light shone through his eyes no night could quench;
The winds might make it flicker, rains might drench;
Nothing could dim it save the dark of death.

And if his work's unfinished in the flesh,
Why, then his soul will join the noble dead
And toil till it shall be accomplished,
And Italy hath burst this Devil's mesh.

Easier to conquer kingdoms than to breed
A man like Garibaldi, whose great name
Doth fence his country with his glorious fame,
Worth many armies in her battle-need.

He is the royal heart that never quails,
But always conquers; wounded, pale and low,
He never was so dear as he is now;
They bind him, and more strongly he prevails.

Greater to-day than Emperor or King,
There, where, for throne, they seat him in the dust,
The express image of sublimest Trust,
And consecrated by his suffering.

A sovereignty that overtops success!
Nothing but heaven might crown his patriot-brow,
And lo, a Crown of Thorns is on it now,
With higher guerdon than our world's caress.

The vision of all his glory fills our eyes,
And with one heart expectant nations throb
Around him—with one mighty prayer they sob,
And wait God's answer to this sacrifice.

HEBREW LEGENDS.

I.

RABBI MEIR'S WIFE.

The renowned teacher and expounder of the law, Rabbi Meir, once sat a whole Sabbath in the synagogue instructing the people. In the meanwhile his two sons, both of unusual beauty, and deeply versed in the law, died in his house. His wife took them into her bedroom, laid them on her nuptial-bed, and covered them with a white cloth. Towards evening, Rabbi Meir, on returning home, asked her:

"Where are my sons, that I may give them the blessing?"

"They have gone to God's house," answered she.

"I looked round for them several times, but did not see them," said the rabbi.

Meanwhile the wife had brought the light and the goblet with wine; he blessed the light and the wine, and drank from the goblet. Then he asked again:

"Where are my sons, that they may drink from the consecrated cup?"

"They cannot be far off," answered his wife, and she brought up his supper.

When he had finished the meal and cheerfully said grace, his wife said:

"Rabbi, with your permission, I will put a question to you."

"Do, my dear wife," said he.

"Some time since, one of our neighbors gave me some jewels to take care of; now he claims them back—shall I give them up?"

"How can you put such a question to me!" exclaimed the rabbi. "Am I to teach you the commonest rule of probity? Not only must you give the property back, but you must give it willingly and cheerfully."

"I thought so too," she said; and opening the door to the bedroom, she added: "Rabbi, a friend had confided to us two jewels, and now he has demanded them back." Then she took off the cloth that hid the two dead bodies.

"My sons! my sons!" cried the rabbi; he wept and wailed.

She, turning her head away, cried bitterly too. But, then, taking the hand of her husband, she said:

"Rabbi, did you not tell me that property confided to us we must restore willingly, nay, cheerfully. Cheerfully, we cannot—and the owner will forgive us—but willingly, rabbi. Let us both say: Blessed be the name of the Lord! blessed be He who giveth and taketh away!"

"Blessed be the name of the Lord!" repeated the rabbi; "blessed be He who giveth and taketh away! But blessed be He also for having given thee to me. Oh, merciful Lord! without that gift of Thine to me, without this blessed woman, I should at this hour feel myself alone on earth, and doubting even Heaven. But she with one hand presses mine, and with the other opens the gate that leads into Thy realm, so that I behold Thee and my lost sons. May she be blessed for ever and anon! And blessed and praised be Thou, my Father, my King, ruler of the universe! Amen." Rabbi Meir and his wife, when soon afterwards sailing from Africa to Spain, were taken prisoners by pirates, and the rabbi's wife, although not young, was still so handsome that she excited the illicit desires of the corsair chief.

She said to her husband:

"Rabbi, is a woman permitted to die by her own act to save her honor?"

"It is," replied the rabbi, and he hid his face.

Upon this she leaped into the sea.

II.

ALEXANDER AND THE SKULL.

Alexander the Great was a singular man. Instead of remaining at home, and taking care of his people, he set out to fight his neighbors, and when, by his great strength and skill, he had overcome one king, he immediately sought for another to conquer. Some kings perceiving that resistance was of no avail, give up their realms without a struggle; but this did not please Alexander, and to the first king who now showed fight, he gave double the land he had possessed before. In fact, Alexander was insatiable, not of land and dominion, but of something unknown; he felt a hunger and a thirst for which he could not account, but which he tried to satisfy by styling himself the son of Zeus, the chief heathen god, and then he marched on again, spurred by unquenched desire.

One day, having marched with his army through a desert, he reached a river. The waters of this river were so pure and limpid, that they excited general admiration, and in them swam fish of marvelous beauty. Some of the fish were red as gold from Ophir, others white as the snow on Lebanon, others blue as the sapphire, flaming as the opal, or green as the emerald. Although exhausted and hungry, Alexander long remained in silent rapture at this sight, but at length he ordered some of the fish to be caught and prepared for his supper.

The fish were unacquainted with deceit, and as soon as the line was thrown out, they all rushed headlong to the insidious hook; but their very eagerness prevented them from reaching it, and it remained untouched in the midst of the throng. Suddenly they all retired, as if to keep council, and after a while the biggest and handsomest of the fish quietly approached the hook, bit, and was caught.

At first, Alexander, feeling very hungry, did not reflect much on this, but ordered the fish to be boiled; on tasting it, however, he was so delighted with its exquisite flavor, that he ordered what was left to be reserved for his breakfast, and then began to ruminate upon the significance of what he had seen. Being unable to solve the riddle, he assembled his seven sages, and asked them:

"What is the name of this river? Why are its waters so clear? why are its fish so beautiful, so clever, or so stupid? and why did their king offer himself to me for supper?"

Quoth Thales, one of the sages:

"Great Alexander, in order to solve these problems, it is necessary that we should taste the fish."

"Well," said Alexander smiling, "you are clever for a sage; you may taste it, but let me then have a wise answer."

The sages, after making a good supper, remained as ignorant as before, upon which Alexander, indignant, wrote a letter to his friend the great Aristotle, explaining to him what had occurred.

After some time, he received this answer:

"Great Alexander, the river flows from Paradise, and the conduct of the fish may be a token which you should not leave unheeded."

Having perused the letter, Alexander rose and declared he had made up his mind to follow the course of the river, and see Paradise itself; meanwhile, the army was to encamp, and await his return.

After a walk of seven days, he stood at the gates of Paradise, and saw Abraham within gazing earnestly on him. He told Abraham what had happened and had brought him hither. Abraham did not answer; he only handed him a skull.

"This is no answer to my questions," exclaimed Alexander.

Abraham silently shrugged his shoulders, and withdrew from the gates.

"Well," said Alexander, angrily, "I take the skull only to show the nations that the most valueless spoil from my world-wide conquests came from what is called Paradise!"

On returning, the nearer he approached the camp of his army, the heavier became the skull; and when he stood among his warriors, and would show them his miserable trophy from Paradise, its weight had increased so much that he was unable to hold it longer in his hands. He ordered one of his strongest officers to lift it; but the officer did not succeed in his efforts; nor did a legion; nor even the whole army.

Alexander again wrote to Aristotle, telling him these facts, and asking him for an explanation.

The answer ran thus:

"Great Alexander, a handful of earth upon the skull, and a child will be able to lift it."

The experiment was made, and lo! it turned out as Aristotle had written.

"But how is this to be explained?" said Alexander, musingly.

"Great Alexander," said the reader of the letter, "Aristotle has added these words: *A handful of earth on the greatest skull, and it becomes but an ordinary skull.*"

III.

RABBI JOSCHUAH AND THE PRINCESS.

Rabbi Joschuah, son of Rabbi Chavanya, was one of those men whose mind is handsomer than their body. He was of so swarthy a complexion that people often called him the Blacksmith, and mothers used to intimidate their children by saying: "If you are not good, I will call in the swarthy Rabbi Joschuah." But at the same time he was beloved by all who knew him, and the Emperor Trajan held him in high esteem for his learning and honorable character.

One day, when at the palace, the daughter of the Emperor ridiculed him for his ugliness.

"Rabbi," she said, "how is it possible that so much costly wisdom is kept in such an ugly vessel?"

Joschuah answering her with a question, requested her to tell him in what kind of vessel her father's wine was kept.

"Oh," replied she, "in what else should it be kept but in earthen vessels."

"Oh," said he, "so the most vulgar people do; the wine of the Emperor ought to be kept in finer vessels."

Believing that he had spoken in earnest, and that he had given her a good advice, she ordered a large quantity of wine to be poured into gold and silver vessels; but on tasting the wine shortly afterwards, she found it had turned sour.

"Joschuah," said she, when again meeting the rabbi, "it was clever advice, indeed, you gave me! The wine which was poured into gold and silver vessels is spoiled."

"Then," answered the rabbi, "you have learned that it is best kept in unseemly vessels. Thus it is likewise with wisdom."

"But," exclaimed the Princess, "I am sure, men have been wise and handsome too."

"Ay, but they would probably have been still wiser if less handsome," said the rabbi; meaning, no doubt, that beauty generally is accompanied by vanity, and this, as is well known, leads not to wisdom.

IV.

A GREEK PHILOSOPHER AND A RABBI.

"Your God calls himself a jealous God, who will not suffer other gods beside him, and on all occasions He expresses his abhorrence of polytheism. How can it be that He threatens the worshippers of the 'false gods' more, and appears to hate them more than the false gods themselves?" Thus spoke an Athenian philosopher to a Jewish rabbi.

The rabbi answered:

"A King had a disobedient son, who, among other tricks, gave his dogs his father's name and titles. Should the father, then, punish the son or the dogs?"

"Yes, this sounds well enough, but is only an evasive answer; for if your God destroyed, or were able to destroy, his rivals, the false gods, He would at once take away the root of polytheism."

"Should He, because there are fools worshipping the sun as gods, destroy the sun? Or should He extinguish the fire, empty the sea, take away the air, and everything else in nature which they contrive to set up as a god? Should He, for the sake of the blind, repeal the law according to which the effects of light and colors are regulated? Our God is a God of freedom. If a man chooses to steal his neighbor's corn, our Lord does not make the corn unproductive, but permits it to grow when sown, according to general laws. But at the same time the theft is sown in the house of the thief, and it grows, and with its secret poison weakens the shafts upon which rests the roof of the thief."

"Who sowed the theft in the thief's house?" asked the philosopher, sarcastically.

The rabbi answered:

"The thief himself. Go and inquire. Behold the fate of those houses where mischief has been done."

"That we call Nemesis, one of our goddesses."

"And we call it justice, one of the qualities of our God."

V.

Rabbi Jochanni told his pupils: When the Egyptians were drowned in the Red Sea, the angels would sing a triumphal hymn. But the Lord said to them:—"What! creatures are destroyed, and you will sing!"

VI.

RABBI RASCHI.

Rabbi Jarchi, commonly called Rabbi Raschi, lived in the 11th and 12th centuries (1040—1105 A. D.), and was born at Troyes, in France. His name is still mentioned with reverence next to that of Maimonides. He wrote a commentary on some of the prophets, and likewise an explanation of the Talmud, a gigantic work, without which that obscure book would be almost unintelligible. He was, besides, a great mathematician, and a very religious man.

It is said of Rabbi Raschi, that, on reaching his sixtieth year, and feeling himself approach the pale of life, he was desirous of knowing who was to be his companion in Paradise. He, of course, did not entertain the least doubt that such a pious and learned man as he, who had never transgressed any ceremonial law, would be ushered into the Garden of Eden, and be seated on a golden chair at a golden table, with a wreath of pearls round his head, and would be allowed to feast eternally on the glory of God. But he wished to know who the pious man was that should be placed opposite to him at the same table, for the righteous sit two and two in Paradise. When he had fasted and prayed a long time, God deigned to reveal himself in a dream, and to tell him that his future companion was Abraham-ben-Gerson, called the Zadik, at Barcelona.

Having learned thus much, Rabbi Raschi became anxious to make acquaintance on earth with his future companion, and to this end undertook a journey to Barcelona. To his imagination, the form of his Paradise-friend presented itself with a thin pale face, sunken eyes, long beard, a bent figure, a man who had studied the law night and day, had fasted and prayed; for such a man only deserved the surname of Zadik, the Righteous.

Great was therefore the surprise of Rabbi Raschi, when, on arriving at Barcelona, he could find no Abraham Zadik. Several persons, certainly, had been honored with this surname, but among them was no Abraham-ben-Gerson. At length, on asking if there were not in the town a man called Abraham Gerson, he was answered:—"What! do you mean Don Abraham the Wealthy? How can a man like you condescend even to ask for such a heathen, who is never seen at synagogue the whole year round, nay, who eats meat prepared by Christians? We all wonder why he does not at once become baptized, and his name would thus be struck out from the book of life! Surely, Rabbi Raschi, you can have no business with him."

"A fine fellow is my future companion," thought Rabbi Raschi, and he threw back a rapid glance on his own life, in order to discover any sin of omission or commission by which he might have incurred such a disgrace.

"Surely, you will not visit that man," repeated the learned rabbi to whom Rabbi Raschi had addressed his questions.

"Why, I may perhaps bring him back to the right path."

"Do not flatter yourself with that—on him all endeavors are lost. But do as you like."

When standing before the residence of Don Abraham, Rabbi Raschi was highly astonished, for it was a real palace, splendid, replete with beauty and taste, so that it even moved the heart of the old rabbi, who could only find this fault with it, that it did not behove a son of Israel to live in such splendor, whilst so many of his brethren were doomed to be in poverty and filth. On entering the gate, he found himself in an open court, where servants in gilt livery were seen moving to and fro receiving visitors, who had come in splendid carriages. The rabbi wished to return, and he only addressed himself to a servant in the hope of being dismissed, and thus having an excuse before God; but the domestic received him with the greatest respect, and ushered him up a broad marble staircase into a richly ornamented anteroom, where he requested him to wait a few moments. When left alone, the rabbi said to himself: "There must be some mistake. This man is a bad Jew, a man of no religion at all; he has obtained here on earth his golden chair and golden table—his Paradise; how can any such blessing be in store for him in the future? He is too rich to become converted into the right path of resignation and self-denial. But I will do my best; I am perhaps the instrument of God."

The door opened, and Don Abraham, a tall, handsome man, of about thirty, made his appearance. With a friendly greeting, he bade the rabbi welcome, and added: "Let me hope that my humble roof may be honored during a long period by the presence of such an excellent, learned, and pious guest."

"Pious!" exclaimed Rabbi Raschi; "how do you dare to say pious—to talk of piety, you, a scorner of the law! I announce to you I have come in the name of God our Lord—"

"I am sure you have," interrupted Don Abraham, smiling, "and therefore I repeat that you are most welcome; but as for your reproaches, you may as well reserve them, as I have once for all chosen my manner of life. Come, be friendly; let us become better acquainted; and, first of all, do favor me with your company to-morrow at the celebration of my nuptials—"

"Ah, you are going to be married!—and perhaps to a heathen girl?"

"No, to a daughter of Israel, a lovely, amiable, kind-hearted girl. Come to-morrow and see her."

"Is she rich?"

"No."

"Well; if only she were led into a good Jewish house, it would be an agreeable sight in the eyes of God. Meanwhile who knows?—it may be a *mitzva*.* I will come."

The conversation was interrupted by a servant announcing a poor woman.

"Let her wait a moment," said Don Abraham.

"A poor woman!" exclaimed the rabbi. "Your marriage is to take place to-morrow, and you have not yet thought of the poor, but you allow them to come to you to remind you of your duty! For shame!"

* A good action.

"My dear Rabbi Raschi," said Don Abraham, "you are too severe. That you may judge for yourself, I beg you will accompany me to the woman, and ask her any questions you please."

They went into the room where she was waiting, and on being questioned by the rabbi, she answered: "Alms have been given, as far as I know, to all the poor; but I do not come here for alms."

Rabbi Raschi was pleased to hear that his future companion was at least charitable; he was therefore silent, while Don Abraham asked the woman: "What is it you want? What can I do for you?"

"I want your advice," said the woman.

"Speak, and be sure you shall have friendly advice."

The woman said: "I am a poor widow with four children, three of whom are quite young. My eldest son, a youth of eighteen, worked for us, and by his honesty and industry has made us a comfortable though modest home; but now he is ill, dangerously ill."

"Then, my good woman, you must have a physician; I will send you my own doctor."

"No, Don Abraham, a physician is of no avail; my son is ill through love, disappointed love. There is a young girl, poor and honest like himself, whom he had hoped to marry; but now the poor girl is forced by her parents to marry another, a rich man."

"Woman, why do you tell this to me?" said Don Abraham.

"Because you are the man, Don Abraham; and now, having spoken, I leave you to God and your conscience."

"What is your son's name?" asked Don Abraham faintly.

"Abraham-ben-Manuel."

When they were left alone, Rabbi Raschi, seeing Don Abraham deadly pale, with large drops of sweat on his brow, said consolingly: "After all, it is nothing. I have never in my life heard of a man dying for love."

"Have you not?" said Don Abraham.

"No, indeed not. You may be quite sure that young fellow is not going to die. Young folks sometimes make a great noise about their love. After some time, he will find another woman quite as handsome—"

"There is no other beneath the sun!" Don Abraham exclaimed, passionately: "there is but one sun in the heavens. Take it away, and all is dark—the air is chilly, the meadow has no verdure, the garden no flower! Take it away, and you take life away! Life without love is nothing! Oh, the woman was right!"

"Well, well, Don Abraham, I only wished to comfort you. It is the bounden duty of a guest to share the grief of his host. It may be disagreeable, nay, painful to her lover, but I honestly think and say that there is no danger of death. Such sorrows may be overcome; but, of course, something must be done for the family, something of consequence even."

"You are right, Rabbi Raschi; I hope I shall have something arranged by to-morrow. Do not forget to come to mincha."†

Next day, the rabbi was punctual at the palace of Don Abraham, round which an immense crowd had gathered, whilst through the gate flowed a magnificent stream of guests, who eagerly brought their congratulations to the rich owner of the palace.

The hruppa or baldachin, under which the wedding ceremony was to be performed, was erected in the court, the marble pavement of which was strewn with flowers. The prayer having been said, the bride, preceded by a band of music and by torches, was led into the court, when the notary read the marriage contract, upon which Don Abraham said: "There is but one little thing to be corrected: the name of the bridegroom is not Abraham-ben-Gerson, but Abraham-ben-Manuel; I have only been the *schatchan*.* In all other respects, the stipulations are unaltered, and I leave Abraham-ben-Manuel to conduct my business whilst I travel abroad. Hollo! let the musicians and the torch-bearers accompany Abraham-ben-Manuel and his relatives into the court."

"Oh," cried Rabbi Raschi, "thou art worthy, indeed, to be my companion in Paradise!"

At first, the rabbi's exclamation was unheeded; but he afterwards related his dream to Don Abraham, who replied good-humoredly: "I am glad to hear it; it is so pleasant to have a good neighbor; and, besides," he added with quivering lips, "I shall come single."

Since then, eight hundred years have elapsed. We may all see, in a short time, if they are seated together.

*The afternoon prayer with which the marriage ceremony commences.

†He who demands the bride from her parents for another.

OCTOBER—MARCH.

See the maple, decked in red
Zouave-like erect its head;
And the feathered golden-rod
Martial by the road fence nod;
And the garget's blood-ripe stem
Crowned with purple diadem,
Redden with a battle gleam,
In the ripple of the stream;
While the voices of the boughs
Whisper low—"Arouse, arouse!—
Out of the wood,
Ere winter's flood
Turns earth to mud!"

In the crisp October air
Sounds a far-off mystic blare,
As of bugle deftly played
To some trooping cavalcade,
The cock grouse to his paramour
Appeals with sonorous tambour,
And the fierce thorn-apple from its stalk
Seems ripe of bloody spurs to talk,
As from the red oak and the larch
A myriad voice cries—"Forward—March!"
The fleeting scud
O'er the sky of blood
Bodes the storm and the flood!

—*Vanity Fair.*

SUBMISSION.

This stern necessity of things
On every side our being rings;
Our eager aims, still questing round,
Find exit none from that great bound.
Where once her law dictates the way,
The wise think only to obey,
Take life as she has ordered it,
And, come what may of it, submit,
Submit, submit!

Who take implicitly her will,
For these her vassal chances still
Bring store of joys, successes, pleasures;
But whoso ponders, weighs, and measures,
She calls her tortures up to goad
With spur and scourge on the road.
Oh, lest you yield not tamely, ere
Her lips that mandate pass, beware!
Beware, beware!

Necessity! and who shall dare
Bring to her feet excuse or prayer?
Howe'er we turn; and pause, and tremble,
Howe'er we shrink, deceive, dissemble,
Whate'er our doubting, grief, disgust,
The hand is on us, and we must;
We must, we must.
'Tis common sense, and human wit
Can find no better name than it.
Submit, submit!

ARTHUR HUGH CLOUGH.

THE SHAPE OF OUR BODIES.

Symmetry is one of the conditions of good health. God knows the best form. He created man upright in His own image. The vital organs in the chest and abdomen are fitted to an erect spine. If the upper portion of the spine bend forward, as in dropping shoulders, not only is the great nerve marrow of the spine itself distorted, and its circulation crippled, (which is a serious matter, resulting in certain common affections,) but the lungs, heart, liver, and stomach lose their natural place, and perform all their duties disadvantageously. A very large proportion of our many affections of these vital organs take their rise in such displacement.

What shall be done? *First*, improve the desks in our schools, so that instead of compelling our young to sit hours every day in a stooping position, they shall be compelled to sit erect, with head and shoulders drawn well back. This is very easily accomplished. Such a change in our school furniture would prove a priceless national blessing. *Second*: Remove every ounce of pressure from the waist. Pants worn without suspenders, and drawn close about the body, skirts or dresses pressing at the waist, must produce round shoulders, for when the organs of the abdomen are pushed downward, the shoulders must drop in order to maintain the relations between the thoracic and abdominal viscera. *Third*: The back legs of our chairs must be sawn off two inches shorter than the front ones. *The front edge of the seat must not* be more than fourteen inches high for a woman, and sixteen for men. This arrangement will immediately relieve the back while sitting, and secure a good position of the shoulders. *Fourth*: The habit of walking erect, with the air of a soldier, must be generally cultivated. *Fifth*: Gymnastic culture of the shoulders.

With such means the nation will become upright and vigorous.—*Dio Lewis in Ind.*

ANIMAL INSTINCT.

I knew of a jackdaw that often used to eat the gum that exuded from plum trees, and always did so when it was unwell. In connection with this subject, it may well be mentioned that a careful observer would find himself repaid by watching the modes of care employed by sick and wounded creatures. We all know that the dog and cat resort to grass when they feel out of health, and hares to a species of moss. I was told, on the authority of an eye-witness, that a goldfinch which had been struck by a hawk and wounded, made its way to a dry puff-ball, tore it open with its beak, and dusted the wounded shoulder with the spores, thereby stopping the effusion of blood. The spectator was greatly surprised at the incident, and being induced to try the same remedy upon a wounded finger, found that the experiment was completely successful.—*Routledge's Illustrated Natural History.*

MEN AND WOMEN WRONGLY LABELLED.—"It is a theory of some hopeful philosophers that the mistakes and blunders of this life, will be corrected in the next. That the saddle which has somehow got upon the wrong horse in this world will be put upon the right one in the world to come. Some years ago, Mrs. Kirkland, writing of those men and women who seem to have got each other's attributes—the men having the softness of women, the women the roughness of men—said: 'In these cases the natural body has only to be laid aside by its decease for the spirit to assert its latent sexuality; so that many a woman who has gone to sleep on this side of Jordan in short-gown and petticoat, will wake up by sheer spiritual gravitation, on the other side, in corduroys and top-boots; and many a man who has laid down in coat and pantaloons, will, in like manner, come to his true self-consciousness in petticoat and curl-papers!'"

HOW NAMES CHANGE.—The following story was told of a humble Scotchman, by the late Edward Livingston, in a note to his pamphlet reply to Mr. Jefferson on the New Orleans batture question. A Scotchman named Feyerston settled among some Germans in the Western part of the state of New York. They translated his name by the sound into the German Feurstein. On his return to an English neighborhood, his new acquaintances discovered that Feuerstein in German means Flint in English. They re-translated his name and the family name became Flint. One of the grandsons settled on the Acadian coast of the Mississippi, and with the common fate of his family, his name of Flint became translated by the French into Pierre-a-Fusil. His son went North, and the last transformation was a re-translation, and Pierre-a-Fusil, his son, became Peter Gun.

OUR WOUNDED.

As loftier rise the ocean's heaving crests,
Ere they sink tempest-driven on the strand:
So do these hearts and freedom beating breasts,
Sublimed by suffering, fall upon our land.

Wounded! Oh, sweet-lipped word! for on the page
Of this strange history, all these scars shall be
The hieroglyphics of a valiant age,
Deep writ in freedom's blood-red mystery.

What though your fate sharp agony reveals?
What though the mark of brother's blows you bear?
The breath of your oppression upward steals,
Like incense from crushed spices into air.

Freedom lies listening, nor as yet averts
The battle horrors of these months' slow length;
But as she listens, silently she girts
More close, more firm, the armor of her strength.

Then deem them not as lost, these bitter days,
Nor those which yet in anguish must be spent
Far from loved skies and home's peace-moving ways,
For these are not the losses you lament.

It is the glory that your country bore,
Which you would rescue from a living grave;
It is the unity that once she wore,
Which your true hearts are yearning still to save.

Despair not: *it is written*, though the eye,
Red with its watching, can no future scan:
The glow of triumph yet shall flush the sky,
And God redeem the ruin made by man.

—*Continental Monthly.*

VERNER'S PRIDE.

BY MRS. HENRY WOOD,

AUTHOR OF "THE CHANNINGS," "EAST LYNNE," "THE EARL'S HEIRS," "A LIFE'S SECRET," ETC.

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CHAPTER XXXV.

"I SEE'D A DEAD MAN!"

Jan Verner was turning at his own door—the surgery—at a swinging pace. Jan's natural pace was a deliberate one; but Jan found so much to do, now he was alone in the business, that he had no resource but to move at the rate of a steam-engine. Otherwise, he would never have got through his day's work. Jan had tried one assistant, who had proved to be more plague than profit, and Jan was better without him. Master Cheese, promoted now to tail-coats and turned-up collars, was coming on, and could attend to trifling cases. Master Cheese wished to be promoted also to "Mister" Cheese; but he remained obstinately excessively short, and people would still call him "Master." He appeared to grow in breadth instead of height, and underwent, in consequence, a perpetual inward mortification. Jan would tell him he should eat less and walk more; but the advice was not taken.

Jan Verner was turning into the surgery at a swinging pace, and came in violent contact with Master Cheese, who was coming out at another. Jan rubbed his chest, and Cheese his head.

"I say, Jan," said he, "can't you look where you're going?"

"Can't *you* look?" returned Jan. "Where are you off to?"

"There's something the matter at Duffs'. About a dozen came here in a body, wanting you. Dan Duff was dying, Bob says."

Jan turned his eyes on Bob, the surgery-boy. Bob answered the look:

"It's what they said, sir. They said as Dan Duff was a-dying and a-frothing at the mouth. It's about five minutes ago, sir."

"Did you go over?" asked Jan of Cheese.

"I saw a crowd round the door."

"No I didn't. I am going now. I was in-doors, having my supper."

"Then you need not trouble yourself," returned Jan. "Stop where you are, and digest your supper."

He, Jan, was speeding off, when a fresh deputation arrived. Twenty anxious faces at the least, in a commotion, all their tongues going together.

"Dan was frothing dreadful, and his legs was twitching like one in the convulsions."

"What has caused it?" asked Jan. "I saw him well enough an hour or two ago."

"He see a dead man, sir; as it's said. We can't come to the bottom of it, cause of his not answering no questions. He be too bad, he be."

"He did see a dead man," put in Polly Dawson, who made one of the deputation, and was proud of being able to add her testimony to the asserted fact. "Leastways, he said he did. I was a-buying some silk, sir, in at Mother Duff's shop, and Susan Peckaby was in there too, she was, a-talking rubbish about her white donkey, when Dan flounders in upon us in a state not to be told, a-frightening of us dreadful, and a-smashing in the winder with his arm. And he said he'd seen a dead man."

Jan could not make sense of the tale. There was nobody lying dead in Deerham that he knew of. He pushed the crowd round the door right and left to get space to enter. The shop was pretty full already, but numbers pushed in after Jan. Dan had been carried into the kitchen at the back of the shop, and was laid upon the floor, a pillow under his head. The kitchen was more crowded than the shop; there was not breathing space; and room could hardly be found for Jan.

The shop was Mrs. Duff's department. If she chose to pack it full of people to the ceiling, it was her affair; but Jan made the kitchen, where the boy lay, his.

"What's the matter with him, sir?" was the eager question, the moment Jan cast his eyes on the invalid.

"I may be able to ascertain as soon as I have elbow room," replied Jan. "Suppose you give it me? Mrs. Duff may stop, but nobody else."

Jan's easy words carried authority in their tone, and the company turned tail and began to file out.

"Couldn't you do with me in, as well as his mother, sir?" asked Susan Peckaby. "I was here when he came in, I was; and I knowed what it was a'most afore he spoke. He have been frightened by that thing in the pound. Only a few minutes afore, it had turned my inside a'most out."

"No, I can't," answered Jan. "I must have the room clear. Perhaps I shall send away his mother."

"I should ha' liked to know for sure," meekly observed Susan Peckaby, resigning herself to her fate. "I hope you'll ask him, sir, when he comes to, whether it were not that thing in the pound as frightened him. I took it for some'at else, more's the grief! but it looks, for all the world, like a ghost in the moonlight."

"What is in the pound?" demanded Jan.

"It's a white cow," responded Susan Peckaby. "And it strikes me as it's Farmer Blows. He have got a white cow, you know, sir, like he have got a white pony, and they be always a giving me a turn, one or t'other of 'em. I'd like old Blow to be indicted for a pest, I would! a-keeping white animals to upset folks. It's not a week ago that I met the cow in the road at dusk—strayed through a gap in the hedge. Tiresome beast! a-causing my heart to leap into my mouth!"

"If Dan have put himself into this state, and done all this damage, through nothing but seeing of a white cow, won't I baste him!" emphatically rejoined Mrs. Duff.

Jan at length succeeded in getting the kitchen clear. But for some time, in spite of all his skill and attention—and he spared neither—he could make no impression upon the unhappy Dan. His mother's bed was made ready for him—Dan himself sharing the accommodation of a dark closet in an ordinary way, in common with his brothers—and Jan carried him up to it. There he somewhat revived, sufficiently to answer a question or two rationally. It must be confessed that Jan felt some curiosity upon the subject; to suppose the boy had been thrown into that state, simply by seeing a white cow in the pound, was ridiculous.

"What frightened you?" asked Jan.

"I see'd a dead man," answered the boy. "Oh, lor!"

"Well?" said Jan, with composure, "he didn't eat you. What is there in a dead man to be alarmed at? I have seen scores—handled 'em, too. What dead man was it?"

The boy pulled the bed-clothes over him, and moaned. Jan pulled them down again.

"Of course you can't tell! There's no dead man in Deerham. Was it in the churchyard?"

"No."

"Was it in the pound?" asked Jan, triumphantly, thinking he had got right this time.

"No."

The answer was an unexpected one.

"Where was it, then?"

"Oh-o-o-o-oh!" moaned the boy, beginning to shake and twitch again.

"Now, Dan Duff, this won't do," said Jan. "Tell me quietly what you saw, and where you saw it."

"I see'd a dead man," reiterated Dan Duff. And it appeared to be all he was capable of saying.

"You saw a white cow on its hind legs," returned Jan. "That's what you saw. I am surprised at you, Dan Duff. I should have thought you more of a man."

Whether the reproof overcame Master Duff's nerves again, or the remembrance of the "dead man," certain it was, that he relapsed into a state which rendered it imprudent, in Jan's opinion, to continue for the present the questioning. One more only he put—for a sudden thought crossed him, which induced it.

"Was it in the copse at Verner's Pride?"

"'Twas at the Willow-pool; he was a-walking round it. Oh-o-o-o-o-oh!"

Jan's momentary fear was dispelled. A night or two back there had been a slight affray between Lionel's gamekeeper and some poachers; and the natural doubt arose whether anything fresh of the same nature had taken place. If so, Dan Duff might have come upon one of them, lying dead or wounded. The words—"walking round the pool"—did away with this. For the present, Jan departed.

But, if Dan's organs of disclosure are for the present in abeyance, there's no reason why we should not find out what we can for ourselves. You may be very sure that Deerham would not fail to do it.

The French madmizel—as Mrs. Duff styled her, meaning, of course, Mademoiselle Benoite—had called in at Mrs. Duff's shop and made a purchase. It consisted—if you are curious to know—of pins and needles, and a staylace. Not a parcel that would have weighed her down, certainly, had she borne it herself; but it pleased her to demand that Dan should carry it for her. This she did, partly to display her own consequence, chiefly that she might have a companion home, for Mademoiselle Benoite did not relish the walk alone by moonlight to Verner's Pride. Of course young Dan was at the beck and call of Mrs. Duff's customers, that being, as Mademoiselle herself might have said, his specialite. Whether a customer bought a parcel that would have filled a van, or one that might have gone inside a penny thimble, Master Dan was equally expected to be in readiness to carry the purchase to its destination at night, if called upon. Master Dan's days being connected now with the brickfields, where his "specialite" appeared to be, to put layers of clay upon his clothes.

Accordingly, Master Dan started with Mademoiselle Benoite. She had been making purchases at other places, which she had brought away with her—shoes, stationery, and various things, all of which were handed over to the porter, Dan. They arrived at Verner's Pride in safety, and Dan was ordered to follow her in, and deposit his packages on the table of the apartment that was called the steward's room.

"One, two, three, four," counted Mademoiselle Benoite, with French caution, lest he should have dropped any by the way. "You go outside now, Dan, and I bring you something from my pocket for your trouble."

Dan returned outside accordingly, and stood gazing at the laundry windows, which were lighted up. Mademoiselle dived in her pocket, took something from thence, which she screwed carefully up in a bit of newspaper, and handed it to Dan. Dan had watched the process in a glow of satisfaction, believing it could be nothing less than a silver sixpence. How much more it might proved Dan's aspirations were afraid to anticipate.

"There!" said Mademoiselle, when she put it into his hand. "Now you can go back to your mother."

She shut the door in his face somewhat inhospitably, and Dan eagerly opened his *cadeau*. It contained—two lumps of fine white sugar.

"Mean old cat!" burst forth Dan. "If it wasn't that mother 'ud baste me, I'd never bring a parcel for her again, not if she bought up the shop. Wouldn't I like to give all the French a licking!"

Munching his sugar wrathfully, he passed across the yard, and out at the gate. There he hesitated which way home he should take, like he had hesitated that far gone evening, when he had come up upon the errand to poor Rachel Frost. More than four years had elapsed since then, and Dan was now fourteen: but he was a young and childish boy of his age, which might be owing to the fact of being so kept under by his mother.

"I have a good mind to trick her!" soliloquized he; alluding, it must be owned, to that revered mother. "She wouldn't let me go out to Bill Hook's to-night; though I telled her as it wasn't for no nonsense I wanted to see him, but about that there gray ferret. I will, too! I'll go back the field way, and cut down there. She'll be none the wiser."

Now this was really a brave resolve for Dan Duff. The proposed road would take him past the willow pool; and he in common with other timorous spirits, had been given to eschew that place at night, since the end of Rachel. It must be supposed that the business, touching the gray ferret, was one of importance; for Dan to lose sight of his usual fears, and turn towards it.

Not once, from that time to this, had Dan Duff taken this road alone at night. From that cause, probably, no sooner had he now turned into the lane, than he began to think of Rachel. He would have preferred to think of anything else in the world: but he found, like many others are obliged to find, that unpleasant thoughts cannot be driven away at will. It was not so much that the past night of misfortune was present to him, as that he feared to meet the ghost of Rachel.

He went on, glancing furtively on all sides, his face and his hair growing hotter and hotter. There, on his right, was the gate through which he had entered the field to give chase to the supposed cat; there, on the left, was the high hedge; before him, the length of lane traversed that evening by the tall man, who had remained undiscovered from that hour to this. Dan could see nothing now; no tall man, no cat; even the latter might have proved a welcome intruder. He glanced up at the calm sky, at the bright moon riding overhead. The night was perfectly still; a lovely night, could Dan only have kept the ghosts out of his mind.

Suddenly a horse, in the field on the other side of the hedge, set up a loud neigh, right in Dan's ear. Coming thus unexpectedly, it startled Dan above everything. He half resolved to go back, and turned round and looked the way he had come. But he plucked up some courage, and went on again—intending, the moment he came in sight of the willow pool, to make a dash past it at his utmost speed.

The intention was not carried out. Clambering over the gate which led to the enclosure, a more ready way to Dan than opening it, he was brought within view of the pool.—There it was, down in the dreary lower part, near the trees. The pool itself was distinct enough, lying to the right, and Dan involuntarily looked towards it. Not to have saved his life, could Dan have helped looking.

Susan Peckaby had said to Jan, that her heart leaped into her mouth at the sight of the white cow in the pound.

Poor Dan Duff might have said that his heart leaped right out of him, at sight now of the willow pool. For there was some shadowy figure moving round it.

Dan stood powerless. But for the gate behind him, he would have turned and run: to scramble back over that, his limbs utterly refused. The delay caused him, in spite of his fear, to discern the very obvious fact, that the shadowy figure was not that of a woman habited in white—as the orthodox ghost of Rachel ought to have been—but a man's, wearing dark clothes. There flashed into Dan's remembrance the frequent nightly visits of Robin Frost to the pond, bringing with it a ray of relief.

Robin had been looked upon as little better than a lunatic since the misfortune; but, to Dan Duff, he appeared in that moment worth his weight in gold. Robin's companionship was as good as anybody's else to ward off the ghostly fears, and Dan set off, full speed, towards him. To go right up to the pond would take him a few yards out of his way to Bill Hook's. What of that? To exchange words with a human tongue, Dan, in that mood of superstitious fright, would have gone as many miles.

He had run more than half the intervening distance, when he brought himself to a halt. It had become evident to Dan's sight that it was not Robin Frost. Whoever it might be, he was a head and shoulders taller than Robin; and Dan moved up more quietly, his eyes strained forward in the moonlight. A suspicion came over him that it might be Mr. Verner: Dan could not, at the moment, remember anybody so tall, unless it was Mr. Jan. The figure stood now with its back to him; apparently gazing into the pool. Dan advanced with slow steps; if it was Mr. Verner, he would not presume to intrude upon him: but when he came nearly close, he saw that it bore no resemblance to the figure of Mr. Verner. Slowly, glidingly, the figure turned round; turned its face right upon Dan, full in the rays of the bright moon; and the most awful yell you ever heard went forth upon the still night air.

It came from Dan Duff. What could have been its meaning? Did he think he saw the ghost, which he had been looking out for the last half hour, poor Rachel's?—saw it beyond this figure which had turned upon him? Dan alone knew. That he had fallen into the most appalling terror, was certain. His eyes were starting, the drops of perspiration poured off him, and his hair rose up on end. The figure—just as if it had possessed neither sight nor hearing, neither sense nor sympathy for human sound—glided noiselessly away: and Dan went yelling on.

Towards home now. All thought of Bill Hook and the gray ferret was gone. Away he tore, the nearest way, which took him past the pound. He never saw the white cow; had the cow been a veritable ghost, Dan had not seen it then. The yells subsiding into moans, and the perspiration into fever heat, he gained his mother's, and broke, as you have heard, the window in passing in.

Even so much as these particulars were not yet known. The first person to elicit them was Roy the bailiff.

After Jan Verner had departed, saying he should be back by-and-bye, and giving Mrs. Duff strict orders to keep the boy quite, and allow nobody near him but herself, and, above all, no questioning, Mrs. Duff quitted him: "that he might get a bit o'sleep," she said. In point of fact, Mrs. Duff was burning to exercise her gossiping powers with those other gossipers below. To them she descended; and found Susan Peckaby, holding forth about the white cow.

"You be wrong, Susan Peckaby," said Mrs. Duff. "It warn't the white cow at all; he warn't a-nigh the pound. He told Mr. Jan so."

"Then what was it?" returned Susan Peckaby.

One of the present auditors was Roy the bailiff. He had only recently pushed in, and had stood listening in silence, taking in the various comments and opinions. As silently he moved behind the group, and was stealing up the stairs. Mrs. Duff placed herself before him.

"Where be you a-going, Mr. Roy? Mr. Jan said as not a soul was to go a-nigh him to disturb him with talk. A nice thing, it 'ud be, for it to settle on his brain!"

"I ain't a-going to disturb him," returned Roy. "I have seen something myself to-night that is not over kind. I'd like to get a inkling if its the same that has frighted him."

"Was it in the pound?" eagerly asked Mrs. Peckaby.

"The pound be smothered!" was the polite answer vouchsafed by Roy. "Thee'll go mad with th' white donkey one of these days."

"There can't be any outlet to it, but one," observed Mrs. Chuff, the blacksmith's wife, giving her opinion in a loud key. "He must ha' seen Rachel Frost's ghost."

"Have *you* been and seen that to-night, Mr. Roy?" cried Susan Peckaby.

"Maybe I have, and maybe I haven't," was Roy's satisfactory reply. "All I say is, I've seen something that I'd rather not have seen: something that 'ud have sent all you women into fits. 'Twarn't unlike Rachel, and 'were clothed in white. I'll just go and take a look at Dan, Mother Duff. No fear o' my disturbing him."

Mother Duff, absorbed with her visitors, allowed him to go on without further impediment. The first thing Roy did, upon getting up stairs, was to shut the chamber door; the next, to arouse and question the suffering Dan. Roy succeeded in getting from him the particulars already related; and a little more; insomuch that Dan mentioned the name which the dead man had borne in life.

Roy sat and stared at him after the revelation, keeping silence. It may have been that he was digesting the wonder; it may have been that he was deliberating upon his answer.

"Look you here, Dan Duff," said he, by-and-bye, holding the shaking boy by the shoulder. "You just breathe that name again to living mortal, and see if you don't get hung up by the neck for it. 'Twas nothing but Rachel's ghost. Them ghosts takes the form of anything that it pleases 'em to take; whether it's a dead man's, or whether it's a woman's, what do they care? There's no ghost but Rachel's 'ud be a-hovering over that pond. Where be your senses gone, not to know that?"

Poor Dan's senses appeared to be wandering somewhere yet: they certainly were not in him. He shook and moaned, and finally fell into the same sort of stupor as before. Roy could make nothing further of him, and he went down.

"Well," said he to the assemblage, "I've got it out of him. The minute he saw me, he stretched his arm out—'Mr. Roy,' says he, 'I'm sick to unburden myself to somebody;' and he up and told. He's fell off again now, like one senseless, and I question if he'd remember telling me."

"And what was it? And what was it?" questioned the chorus. "Rachel's ghost?"

"It was nothing less, you may be sure," replied Roy, his tone expressive of contempt that they should have thought it could be anything less. "The young idiot must take and go by the pond on this bright night, and in course he saw it. Right again his face, he says, it appeared; there wasn't no mistaking of it. It was a-walking round and round the pool."

Considerable shivering in the assembly. Polly Dawson, who was on its outskirts, shrieked, and pushed into its midst, as if it were a safer place. The women drew into a closer circle, and glanced round at an imaginary ghost behind their shoulders.

"Was it that as you saw yourself to-night, Mr. Roy?"

"Never mind me," was Roy's answer. "I ain't one to be startled to death at sight of a sperit, like boys and women is. I had my pill in what I saw, I can tell ye. And my advice to ye all, is, keep within your own doors after nightfall."

Without further salutation, Roy departed. The women, with one accord, began to make for the staircase. To contemplate one who had just been in actual contact with the ghost—which some infidels had persistently asserted throughout was nothing but a myth—was a sight not to be missed. But they were driven back again. With a succession of yells, the like of which had never been heard, save at the willow pond that night, Dan appeared leaping down upon them, his legs naked, and his short shirt flying behind him. To be left alone, a prey to ghosts or their remembrances, was more than the boy, with his consciousness upon him, could bear. The women yelled also, and fell back one upon another; not a few being under the impression that it was the ghost itself.

What was to be done with him? Before the question was finally decided, Mrs. Bascroft, the landlady of the Plough and Harrow, who had made one of the company, went off to her bar, whence she hastened back again with an immense hot tumbler, three parts brandy, one part water, the whole of which was poured down the throat of Dan.

"There's nothing like it for restoring folks after a fright," remarked Mrs. Bascroft.

The result of the dose was, that Dan Duff subsided into a state of real stupor, so profound and prolonged that even Jan began to doubt whether he would awake from it.

CHAPTER XXXVI.

COMMOTION IN DEERHAM.

Lionel Verner sat over his morning letters, bending upon one of them a perplexed brow. A claim which he had settled the previous spring—at least which he believed had been settled—was now forwarded to him again. That there was very little limit to his wife's extravagance he had begun to know.

In spite of Sibylla's extensive purchases, made in Paris at the time of their marriage, she had contrived by the end of the following winter to run up a tolerable bill at her London milliner's. When they had gone to town in the early spring this bill got presented to Lionel. Four hundred and odd pounds. He gives Sibylla a cheque for its amount, and some gentle loving words of admonition at the same time—not to spend him out of house and home.

A second account from the same milliner had arrived this morning—been delivered to him with other London letters. Why it should have been sent to him and not to his wife, he was unable to tell—unless it was meant as a genteel hint that payment would be acceptable. The whole amount was for eleven hundred pounds, but part of this purported to be "To bill delivered"—four hundred and odd pounds. The precise sum which Lionel believed to have been paid. Eleven hundred pounds! and all the other claims upon him! No wonder he sat with a bent brow. If things went on at this rate, Verner's Pride would come to the hammer.

He rose, the account in his hand, and proceeded to his wife's dressing-room. Among other habits, Sibylla was falling into that of indolence, scarcely ever rising to breakfast now. Or, if she rose, she did not come down. Mademoiselle Benoite came whisking out of a side room as he was about to enter.

"Madame's toilette is not made, sir," cried she, in a tart tone, as if she thought he had no right to enter.

"What of that?" returned Lionel. And he went in.

Just as she had got out of bed, save that she had a blue quilted silk dressing-gown thrown on, and her feet were thrust into blue quilted slippers, sat Sibylla, before a good fire. She leaned in an easy-chair, reading; a miniature breakfast service of Sevres china, containing chocolate, on a low table at her side. Some people like to read a word or two of the Bible, as soon as conveniently may be, after getting up in the morning. Was that good book the study of Sibylla? Not at all. Her study was a French novel. By dint of patience, and the assistance of Mademoiselle Benoite in the hard words and complicated sentences, Mrs. Verner contrived to arrive tolerably well at its sense.

"Good gracious!" she exclaimed when Lionel appeared, "are you not gone shooting with the rest?"

"I did not go this morning," he answered, closing the door, and approaching her.

"Have you taken breakfast?" she asked.

"Breakfast has been over a long while. Were I you, Sibylla, when I had guests staying in the house, I should try and rise to breakfast with them."

"Oh, you crafty Lionel! To save you the trouble of presiding. Thank you," she continued, good-humoredly, "I am more comfortable here. What is this story about a ghost? The kitchen's in a regular commotion, Benoite says."

"To what do you allude?" asked Lionel.

"Dan Duff is dying, or dead," returned Sibylla. "Benoite was in Deerham last night, and brought him home to carry her parcels. In going back again, he saw, as he says, Rachel Frost's ghost, and it terrified him out of his senses. Old Roy saw it too, and the news has travelled up here."

Sibylla laughed as she spoke. Lionel looked vexed.

"They are very stupid," he said. "A pity but they kept such stories to themselves. If they were only as quiet as poor Rachel's ghost is, it might be better for some of them."

"Of course *you* would wish it kept quiet," said Sibylla, in a tone full of significance. "I like to hear of these frights—it is good fun."

He did not fathom in the remotest degree the meaning of her tone. But he had not gone thither to dispute about ghosts.

"Sibylla," he gravely said, putting the open account into her hand, "I have received this this morning."

Sibylla ran her eyes over it with indifference; first at the bill's head, to see whence it came, next at its sum total.

"What an old cheat! Eleven hundred pounds! I am sure I have not had the half."

Lionel pointed to the part "bill delivered."

"Was that not paid in the spring?"

"How can I recollect?" returned Sibylla, speaking as carelessly as before.

"I think you may recollect if you try. I gave you a cheque for the amount."

"Oh, yes, I do recollect now. It has not been paid."

"But, my dear, I say I gave the cheque for it."

"I cashed the cheque myself. I wanted some money just then. You can't think how fast money goes in London, Lionel."

The avowal proved only what he suspected. Nevertheless it hurt him greatly—grieved him to his heart's core. Not so much the spending of the money, as the keeping the fact from him. What a lack of good feeling, of confidence, it proved!

He bent towards her, speaking gently, kindly. Whatever might be her faults to him, her provocations, he could never behave otherwise to her than as a thorough gentleman, a kind husband.

"It was not right to use that cheque, Sibylla. It was made out in Madame Lebeau's name, and should have been paid to her. But why did you not tell me?"

Sibylla shrugged her shoulders in place of answer. She had picked up many such little national habits of Mademoiselle Benoite's. Very conspicuous just then was the upright line on Lionel's brow.

"The amount altogether is, you perceive, eleven hundred pounds," he continued.

"Yes," said Sibylla. "She's a cheat, that Madame Lebeau. I shall make Benoite write her a French letter, and tell her so."

"It must be paid. But it is a great deal of money. I cannot continue to pay these large sums, Sibylla. I have not the money to do it with."

"Not the money. When you know you are paying heaps for Lady Verner! Before you tell me not to spend, you should cease supplying her."

Lionel's very brow flushed.

"My mother has a claim upon me only in a degree less than you have," he gravely said. "Part of the revenues of Verner's Pride ought to have been hers years ago: and they were not."

"If my husband had lived—if he had left me a little child—Verner's Pride would have been his and mine, and never yours at all."

"Hush, Sibylla! You don't know how these allusions hurt me," he interrupted, in a tone of intense pain.

"They are true," said Sibylla.

"But not—forgive me, my dear, for saying it—not the less unseemly."

"Why do you grumble at me then?"

"I do not grumble," he answered, in a kind tone. "Your interests are mine, Sibylla, and mine are yours. I only tell you the fact—and a fact it is—that our income will not stand these heavy calls upon it. Were I to show you how much you have spent in dress since we married—what with Paris, London, and Heartburg—the sum total would frighten you."

"Why do you keep the sum total?" resentfully asked Sibylla. "Why do you add it up?"

"I must keep my accounts correctly. My uncle taught me that."

"I am sure he did not teach you to grumble at me," she rejoined. "I look upon Verner's Pride as mine, more than yours: if it had not been for the death of my husband, you would never have had it."

Inexpressibly vexed—vexed beyond the power to answer, for he would not trust himself to answer—Lionel prepared to quit the room. He began to wish he had not had Verner's Pride, if this was to be its domestic peace. Sibylla petulantly threw the French book from her lap upon the table, and it fell with its pages open.

Lionel's eyes caught its title, and a flush, not less deep than the preceding flush darkened his brow. He laid his open palm upon the page with an involuntary movement, as if he would guard it from the eyes of his wife. That she should be reading that notorious work!

"Where did you get this?" he cried. "It is not a fit book for you."

"There's nothing the matter with the book as far as I have gone."

"Indeed you must not read it! Pray don't, Sibylla! You will be sorry for it afterwards."

"How do you know it is not a fit book?"

"Because I have read it."

"There! *You* have read it! And you would like to deny the pleasure to me! Don't say you are never selfish."

"Sibylla! What is fit for me to read, may be most unfit for you. I read the book when I was a young man: I would not read it now. Is it Benoite's?" he inquired, seeing the name in the first page.

"Yes it is."

Lionel closed the book.

"Promise me, Sibylla, that you will not attempt to read more of it. Give it her back at once, and tell her to send it out of the house, or to keep it under lock and key while it remains within it."

Sibylla hesitated.

"Is it so very hard a promise?" he tenderly asked. "I would do a great deal more for you."

"Yes, Lionel, I will promise," she replied, a better feeling coming over her. "I will give it her back now. Benoite!"

She called loudly. Benoite heard, and came in.

"Mr. Verner says this is not a nice book. You may take it away."

Mademoiselle Benoite advanced with a red face and took the book.

"Have you any more such books?" inquired Lionel, looking at her.

"No, sir, I not got one other," hardily replied she.

"Have the goodness to put this one away. Had your mistress been aware of the nature of the book, she had not suffered you to produce it."

Mademoiselle went away, her skirts jerking. Lionel bent down to his wife.

"You know that it *pains* me to find fault, Sibylla," he fondly whispered. "I have ever your welfare and happiness at heart. More anxiously, I think, than you have mine."

He went back to his letters and papers. Later in the day he strolled out, and met the shooting party coming home. After congratulating them on their good sport, he was turning home with them, when the gamekeeper intimated that he should be glad to speak a word to him in private. Upon which Lionel let the gentlemen go on.

"What is it, Broom?" asked he.

"I'm much afeared, sir, if things are not altered, that there'll be murder committed some night," answered Broom, without circumlocution.

"I hope not," replied Lionel. "Are you and the poachers again at issue?"

"It's not about the poachers, hang 'em! It's about Robin Frost, sir. What on earth have come to him I can't conceive. This last few nights he have took to come prowling out with a gun. He lays himself down in the copse, or a ditch, or the open field—no matter where—and there he stops, on the watch, his gun always pointed."

"On the watch for what?" asked Lionel.

"He best knows himself, sir. He's going quite cracked, it's my belief; he have been half-way to it this long while. Sometimes he's travelling through the brushwood on all fours, the gun ever pointed; but mostly he's posted on the watch. He'll get shot for a poacher, or some of the poachers will shoot him, as sure as it's a gun that he carries."

"What can be his motive?" mused Lionel.

"I'm inclined to think, sir, though he is Robin Frost, that he's after the birds," boldly returned Broom.

"Then rely upon it that you think wrong, Broom," rebuked Lionel. "Robin Frost would no more go out poaching than I should go out thieving."

"I saw him trailing along last night in the moonlight, sir. I saw his old father come up and talk to him, urging him to go home, as it seemed to me. But he couldn't get him; and the old man had to hobble back without Robin. Robin stopped in his cold berth on the ground."

"I did not think old Matthew was capable of going out at night."

"He did last night, sir; that's for certain. It was not far; only down away by the brick-kilns. There's a tale going abroad that Dan Duff was sent into mortal fright by seeing something that he took to be Rachel's ghost: my opinion is, that he must have met old Frost in his white smock-frock, and took him for a ghost. The moon did cast an uncommon white shade last night. Though old Frost wasn't a nigh the willow pool, nor Robin neither, and that's where they say Dan Duff got his fright. Formerly, Robin was always round that pool, but lately he has changed his beat. Anyhow, sir, perhaps you be so good as drop a warning to Robin of the risk he runs. He may mind you."

"I will," said Lionel.

The gamekeeper touched his hat and walked away. Lionel considered that he might as well give Robin the warning then: and he turned towards the village. Before fairly entering it, he had met twenty talkative persons, who had given him twenty different versions of the previous night's doings, touching Dan Duff.

Mrs. Duff was at her door when Lionel went by. She generally was at her door, unless she was serving customers. He stopped to accost her.

"What's the truth of this affair, Mrs. Duff?" asked he. "I have heard many versions of it."

Mrs Duff gave as succinct an account as it was in her nature to give. Some would have told it in a third of the time: but Lionel had patience; he was in no particular hurry.

"I have been one of them to laugh at the ghost, sir; a-saying that it never was Rachel's, and that it never walked," she added. "But I'll never do so again. Roy, he see it, as well as Dan."

"Oh! he saw it, too, did he," responded Lionel, with a good-natured smile of mockery. "Mrs. Duff, you ought to be too old to believe in ghosts," he more seriously added. "I am sure Roy is, whatever he may say."

"If it was no ghost, sir, what could have put our Dan into that awful fright? Mr. Jan doesn't know as he'll overget it at all. He's a-lying without a bit of conscientiousness on my bed, his eyes shut, and his breath a-coming hard."

"Something frightened him, no doubt. The belief in poor Rachel's ghost has been so popular that every night fright is attributed to that. Who was it went into a fainting fit in the road, fancying Rachel's ghost was walking down upon them; and it proved afterwards to have been only a miller's man with a sack of flour on his back?"

"Oh, that!" slightingly returned Mrs. Duff. "It was that stupid Mother Grind, before they went off with the Mormons. She'd drop at her shadder, sir, she would."

"So would some of the rest of you," said Lionel. "I am sorry to hear that Dan is so ill."

"Mr. Jan's in a fine way over him, sir. Mrs. Bascroft gave him just a taste of weak brandy and water, and Mr. Jan, when he come to know it, said we might just as well have give him pison; and he'd not answer for his life or his reason. A pretty thing it'll be for Deerham, if there's more lives to be put in danger, now the ghost have took to walk again! Mr. Bourne called in just now, sir, to learn the rights of it. He went up and see Dan: but nothing could he make of him. Would you be pleased to go up and take a look at him, sir?"

Lionel declined. He could do the boy no good, and had no especial wish to look at him, although he had been promoted to the notoriety of seeing a ghost. A few steps further he encountered Jan.

"What is it that's the matter with the boy?" asked Lionel.

"He had a good fright; there's no doubt about that," replied Jan. "Saw a white cow on its hind legs, it's my belief. That wouldn't have been much: the boy would have been all right by now, but the women drenched him with brandy, and made him stupidly drunk. He'll be better this evening. I can't stop, Lionel: I am run off my legs today."

The commotion in the village increased as the evening approached. Jan knew that young Dan would be well—save for any little remembrance of the fright which might remain—when the fumes of the brandy had gone off: but he wisely kept his own counsel, and let the public think he was in danger. Otherwise, a second instalment of the brandy might have been administered behind Jan's back. To have a boy dying of fright from seeing a ghost, was a treat in the marvellous line which Deerham had never yet enjoyed. There had been no agitation like unto it, since the day of poor Rachel Frost.

Brave spirits, some of them! They volunteered to go out and meet the apparition. As twilight approached, you could not have got into Mrs. Duff's shop, for there was the chief gathering. Arguments were being used to prove that, according to all logic, if a ghost appeared one night, it was safe to appear a second.

"Who'll speak up to go and watch for it?" asked Mrs. Duff. "I can't. I can't leave Dan. Sally Green's a-sitting up by him now—for Mr. Jan says if he's left again, he shall hold me responsible. It don't stand to reason as I can leave Sally Green in charge of the shop, though I can leave her a bit with Dan. Not but what I'd go alone to the pond, and stop there; *I* haven't got no fear."

It singularly happened that those who were kept at home by domestic or other duties, had no fear; they, to hear them talk, would rather have enjoyed an encounter *solus* with the ghost, than not. Those who could plead no home engagement professed themselves willing to undertake the expedition in company; but freely avowed they would not go alone for the world.

"Come! who'll volunteer?" asked Mrs. Duff. "It 'ud be a great satisfaction to see the form it appears in, and have that set at rest. Dan, he'll never be able to tell, by the looks of him now."

"I'll go for one," said bold Mrs. Bascroft. "And them as joins me shall each have a good stiff tumbler of some'at hot afore starting, to prime 'm again the cold."

Whether it was the brave example set, or whether it was the promise accompanying it, certain it was, that there was no lack of volunteers now. A good round dozen started, filling up the Plough-and-Harrow bar, as Mrs. Bascroft dealt out her treat with no niggard hand.

"What's a-doing now?" asked Bascroft, a stupid-looking man with red hair combed straight down his forehead, and colored shirt-sleeves, surveying the inroad on his premises with surprise.

"Never you mind," sharply reproved his better half. "These ladies is my visitors, and if I choose to stand treat round, what's that to you? You takes *your* share o' liquor, Bascroft."

Bascroft was not held in very great estimation by the ladies generally, and they turned their backs upon him.

"We are a-going out to see the ghost, if you must know, Bascroft," said Susan Peckaby, who made one of the volunteers.

Bascroft stared.

"What a set of idiots you must be!" grunted he. "Mr. Jan says as Dan Duff see nothing but a white cow: he telled me so hisself. Be you a-thinking to meet that there other white animal on your road, Mrs. Peckaby?"

"Perhaps I am," tartly returned Mrs. Peckaby.

"One 'ud think so. *You* can't want to go out to meet ghostesses; you be a going out to your saints at New Jerusalem. I'd whack that there donkey for being so slow, when he did come, if I was you."

Hastening away from Bascroft and his aggravating tongue, the expedition having drained their tumblers, filed out. Down by the pound—relieved now of its caged inmate—went they, on towards the willow pond. The tumblers had made them brave. The night was light, as the preceding one had been: the ground looked white, as if with frost, and the air was cold. The pond in view, they halted, and took a furtive glance, beginning to feel somewhat chill. So far as these half glances allowed them to judge, there appeared to be nothing near it, nothing on its brink.

"It's of no good marching right up to it," said Mrs. Jones, the baker's wife. "The ghost mightn't come at all, if it saw all us there. Let's get inside the trees."

Mrs. Jones meant inside the grove of trees. The proposition was most acceptable, and they took up their position, the pond in view, peeping out, and conversing in a whisper.—By and by they heard the church clock strike eight.

"I wish it 'ud make haste," exclaimed Susan Peckaby, with some impatience. "I don't never like to be away from home long together, for fear of that there blessed white animal arriving."

"He'd wait, wouldn't he?" sarcastically rejoined Polly Dawson. "He'd—"

A prolonged hush—sh—sh! from the rest restored silence. Something was rustling the trees at a distance. They huddled closer together, and caught hold one of another.

Nothing appeared. The alarm went off. And they waited without result till the clock struck nine. The artificial strength within them had cooled by that time, their ardor had cooled, and they were feeling chill and tired. Susan Peckaby was upon thorns, she said, and urged their departure.

"*You* can go if you like," was the answer. "Nobody wants to keep you."

Susan Peckaby measured the distance between the pond and the way she had to go, and came to the determination to risk it.

"I'll make a rush for it, I think," said she. "I shan't see nothing. For all I know, that quadruple may be right afore our door now. If he—"

Susan Peckaby stopped, her voice subsiding into a shriek. She, and those with her, became simultaneously aware that some white figure was bearing down upon them. The shrieks grew awful.

It proved to be Roy in his white fustian jacket. Roy had never had the privilege of hearing a dozen women shriek in concert before, at least, like this. His loud derisive laugh, was excessively aggravating. What with that, what with the fright his appearance had really put them in, they all tore off, leaving some hard words for him; and never stopped to take breath until they burst into the shop of Mrs. Duff.

It was rather an ignominious way of returning, and Mrs. Duff did not spare her comments. If she had went out to meet the ghost, she'd ha' stopped till the ghost came, *she* would! Mrs. Jones rejoined that them watched-for ghosts, as she had heered, never did come—which she had said so afore they went out!

Master Dan, considerably recovered, was down then. Rather pale and shaky, and accommodated with a chair and pillow, in front of the kitchen fire. The expedition pressed into the kitchen, and five hundred questions were lavished upon the boy.

"What was it dressed in, Dan? Did you get a good sight of her face, Dan? Did it look just as Rachel's used to look? Speak up, Dan?"

"It warn't Rachel at all," replied Dan.

This unexpected assertion brought a pause of discomfiture. "He's head ain't right yet," observed Mrs. Duff, apologetically: "and that's why I've not asked him nothing."

"Yes, it is right, mother," said Dan. "I never see Rachel last night. I never said as I did."

Another pause: spent in contemplating Dan. "I knowed a case like this once afore," observed old Miss Till, who carried round the milk to Deerham. "A boy got a fright, and they couldn't bring him to at all. Epsum salts did it at last. Three pints of 'em they give, I think it was, and that brought his mind round."

"It's a good remedy," acquiesced Mrs. Jones. "There's nothing like plenty of Epsum salts for boys. I'd try 'em on him, Mother Duff."

"Dan, dear," said Susan Peckaby insinuatingly, for she had come in with the rest, ignoring for the moment what might be waiting at her door, "was it in the pound as you saw Rachel's ghost?"

"'Twarn' Rachel's ghost as I did see," persisted Dan.

"Whose then?" asked she, humoring him.

The boy answered. But he answered below his breath; as if he scarcely dared to speak the name aloud. His mother partially caught it.

"Whose?" she exclaimed in a sharp voice, her tone changing. And Dan spoke a little louder.

"It was Mr. Frederick Massingbird's."

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

EFFECT OF MUSKET BALLS.—The most singular thing, says a correspondent, and one which I do not remember to have heard mentioned heretofore, is the effect of musket balls upon the atmosphere through which they pass. The passage of one immediately across your face is followed by a momentary sensation of deathly sickness. The air seems thick, stifling, and putrid, like that of a newly-opened vault, accompanied by an odor of certain kinds of fungi found in the woods, and never willingly disturbed by either man or beast.

☞ PARENTAL INFLUENCE.—Every parent should remember that his children are affected by his constantly moulding influence. Beware of the copy you set before them to imitate. Be sure they will mark line for line, shade for shade, blot for blot. Your conduct is their rule of life. Expect no more from your children than you are yourself.

☞ A certain lawyer had his portrait taken in his favorite attitude—standing with his hand in his pocket. His friends and clients went to see it, and everybody exclaimed, "Oh, how like! it's the very picture of him!" An old farmer, however, dissented. "Don't you see," said he, "he has got his hand in his own pocket?—'Twould be as like again if he had it in somebody else's."

☞ "It is all very pretty talk," (said a recently married old bachelor, who had finished reading the Rev. Dr. Fields's essay on the "Culture of Women," just as a heavy milliner's bill was presented him,) "it's all very pretty, this cultivation of women; but such a charge as this for bonnets, is rather a heavy top-dressing—in my judgment."

☞ The hero of the Essex, Commodore Porter, has been appointed to the command of all the naval forces on the Mississippi River, with the rank of Rear-Admiral. The force under his orders, in vessels, guns and men, will be larger than ever before under the command of any United States naval officer.

LIBERTY, OH, LIBERTY!

Mr. Editor of the Post:—Since the words of "Maryland, my Maryland," have proved themselves so decidedly opposed to facts, especially as regards the statement that "She spurns the Northern scum," new words to that really fine air are multiplied continually. It is hoped that one more may not prove the last feather that broke the camel's back:—

Thy march is onward, onward still,
Liberty, oh, Liberty!
O'er Northern plain, o'er Southern hill,
Liberty, oh, Liberty!
Thy work thou call'st us to fulfill,
With all our strength, with all our skill;—
With heart, and life, and brain, and will;
Liberty, oh, Liberty!

Not thine a peaceful service now,
Liberty, oh, Liberty!
Thy arm is strong, and stern thy brow,
Liberty, oh, Liberty!
Yet still to keep our olden vow
We come—we reck not where nor how;
Our hearts may break, but must not bow,
Liberty, oh, Liberty.

Thy day must come, to one, to all,
Liberty, oh, Liberty!
Thy light on night-bound myriads fall,
Liberty, oh, Liberty!
For this alone—no narrow brawl—
We follow at thy sacred call,
To glory, or the funeral pall,
Liberty, oh, Liberty!

October 16th, 1862. M. C. P.

BIBLICAL QUESTIONS.

F. WHAT WAS PAUL'S THORN IN THE FLESH?

E. We cannot tell. It was some bodily affliction appointed in mercy, lest the Apostle should become elated by the wonderful communications which God had made to him, and the unutterably glorious scenes which he had been permitted to behold. Some persons think it was his sight, but others think it was an impediment in his speech. If this were "the thorn in the flesh" of which the Apostle speaks, it must have been an affliction of intense bitterness to one who was gifted with powers of eloquence, who had been a scholar at the renowned schools of Tarsus, who had studied the poetic writings and the orations of Greece and of Rome, and who could address the men on Mars Hill with the accuracy of Demosthenes, and who was called upon to plead before august tribunals, and to reason with men who were the most profound admirers of oratory, and the most highly competent judges the world had ever seen.

WHAT IS THE MEANING OF THE WORD "SELAH," WHICH OCCURS IN THE PSALMS?

This word occurs in Scripture seventy-seven times—seventy-four times in the Book of Psalms, and three times in the Book of Habakkuk. It is thought to be a contracted form for the sentence, "Exalt ye the Lord," and therefore it is almost equivalent to the word "Hallelujah"—that is, "Praise ye the Lord." The word "Selah" is affixed to hymns of praise, and denotes that all who use this song of praise are to exalt the Lord their God, and, in the language of adoration, to magnify the name, the nature, the perfections, the excellencies, and the works of Jehovah, as the only true God; and in this holy exercise of praise the Church on earth are fellow-worshippers with the Church in Heaven. The Church militant and the Church triumphant form, in an especial manner, one "communion of saints," when their language is praise.

F. HOW CAN WE RECONCILE GOD'S SOVEREIGNTY AND MAN'S FREE AGENCY?

E. God calls upon us to believe separate truths, but He does not call upon us to reconcile them. We have nothing to do with the adjustment of these difficulties. In machinery the wheels move in opposite directions, and by moving in apparent opposition the desired effect is produced. The subject of God's sovereignty transcends our comprehension. If a child were to peep through a key-hole into a room filled with complicated machinery, he would have a better knowledge of the conflicting movements than we can have of God's mysterious dealings. Submission to the Divine teachings is our highest wisdom; and the Christian man is not well taught who seeks to be wise above that which is written, or who attempts to fathom the Divine decrees.

IS THERE A GENEALOGY OF MARY, THE MOTHER OF JESUS, WHICH PROVES HER TO BE THE DESCENDANT OF DAVID?

Mary is said to have been a descendant of Melchi, the grandfather of Joseph, and therefore her pedigree is included in that of Joseph.

Mary's proceeding to Bethlehem at a time when travelling was very perilous to her safety, may be considered an evidence that she was obliged to be enrolled in her *own right*, and if thus a representative or last descendant in her family, she must have married her near relative. Her attendance to be enrolled is a proof that Bethlehem was her own city, and that she was of the lineage of David.

Many learned divines are of opinion that St. Luke gives the genealogy of *Mary*, and not of Joseph. Heli, we are told, was the father of Mary, and only father-in-law of Joseph.

Boothroyd says that Joseph might very properly be called the son of Heli, since those who married heiresses were obliged to pass into the family of their fathers-in-law, and were obliged to allow themselves to be reckoned their sons.

☞ Francis the First, being desirous to raise one of the most learned men of the time to the highest dignities of the church, asked him if he was of noble descent. "Your Majesty," answered the abbot, "there were three brothers in Noah's ark, but I cannot tell positively from which of them I am descended."

THE SUNKEN ROAD AT WATERLOO.

An odd numerical coincidence, twenty-six battalions were to receive these twenty-six squadrons. Behind the crest of the *plateau*, under cover of the masked battery, the English infantry, formed in thirteen squares, two battalions to the square, and upon two lines—seven on the first and six on the second—with musket to the shoulder and eye upon their sights, waiting calm, silent, and immovable. They could not see the cuirassiers, and the cuirassiers could not see them. They listened to the rising of this tide of men. They heard the increasing sound of three thousand horses, the alternate and measured striking of their hoofs at full trot, the rattling of the cuirasses, the clicking of the sabres, and a sort of fierce roar of the coming host. There was a moment of fearful silence, then, suddenly, a long line of raised arms brandishing sabres appeared above the crest, with casques, trumpets, and standards, and three thousand faces with grey moustaches, crying "*Vive l'Empereur!*" All this cavalry debouched on the *plateau*, and it was like the beginning of an earthquake.

All at once, tragic to relate, at the left of the English, and on our right, the head of the column of cuirassiers reared with a frightful clamor. Arrived at the culminating point of the crest, unmanageable, full of fury, and bent upon the extermination of the squares and cannons, the cuirassiers saw between themselves and the English a ditch—a grave. It was the sunken road of Ohain.

It was a frightful moment. There was the ravine, unlooked for, yawning at the very feet of the horses, two fathoms deep between its double slope. The second rank pushed in the first, the third pushed in the second; the horses reared, threw themselves over, fell upon their backs, and struggled with their feet in the air, piling up and overturning their riders, no power to retreat; the whole column was nothing but a projectile. The force acquired to crush the English crushed the French. The inexorable ravine could not yield until it was filled; riders and horses rolled in together pell-mell, grinding each other, making common flesh in this dreadful gulf, and when this grave was full of living men, the rest marched over them and passed on. Almost a third of the Dubois brigade sank into this abyss.—*Les Miserables.*

THE WALLED LAKE.

The wonderful Walled Lake is situated in the central part of Wright county, Iowa. The shape of the lake is oval. It is about two miles in length and one wide, in the widest part, comprising an area of some two thousand acres. The wall inclosing this area is over six miles in length, and is built or composed of stones varying in size from boulders of two tons weight down to small pebbles, and is intermixed with earth. The top of the wall is uniform in height above the water in all parts, which makes its height to vary on the land side according to the unevenness of the country, from two to twelve feet in height. In the highest part the wall measures from ten to twelve feet thick at the base, and from four to six at the top, inclining each way, outward and inward. There is no outlet, but the lake frequently rises and flows over the top of the wall. The lake at the deepest part is about ten feet in depth, and abounds with large and fine fish, such as pike, pickerel, bass, perch, &c. The water is clear as crystal, and there is no bubbling or agitation to indicate any large springs or feeders. Wild fowl of all kinds are plenty upon its bosom. At the north end are two small groves of about ten acres each, no timber being near. It has the appearance of having been walled up by human hands, and looks like a huge fortress, yet there are no rocks in that vicinity for miles around. There are no visible signs of the lake being the result of volcanic action, the bed being perfectly smooth and the border of regular form. The lake is seventeen miles from Boon river on the west, eight miles from Iowa on the east, and about one hundred miles from Cedar Rapids. It is one of the greatest wonders of the West, and has already been visited by hundreds of curiosity seekers.

AMERICAN BATHS.—A correspondent, "A European," wishes to know if there can be had at any of the bathing establishments in New York, what the French call "a complete bath"—that is, a sheet is placed entirely over the inside of the bath before the water is let on and there remains; and the bather is supplied with a series of clean, warm towels.

We do not know of any such decent mode of taking a bath—clean from any suspicion of impurity from the previous bather. Our bathing establishments are conducted on hoggish principles, and we can give no comfort to "A European" on the question of cleanliness, as important as godliness.—*Daily Tribune.*

☞ We publish this on the authority of an ultra marine: "How terribly the ship labors!" exclaimed the passengers to the captain, as they stood together in the bight of the binnacle, "what cargo have you in the hold?" "Petroleum," replied the captain, turning his telescope in his trowsers' pocket. "Oh! ah! petroleum," rejoined the passenger, "that's rock-oil; no wonder she rocks."

☞ Allan Ramsay, whose "Gentle Shepherd" is so much admired, having been handed an orange by the Countess of Aboyne, acknowledged it in these happy terms:—

Now, Priam's son, thou may'st be mute,
For I can proudly vie with thee;
Thou to the fairest gave the fruit,
The fairest gave the fruit to me.

☞ Niepce de St. Victor is now in Paris, devoting his energies in making experiments for the purpose of solving the great problem of taking photographic pictures in their natural colors.

PENALTY FOR REFUSING TO SERVE WHEN DRAFTED.

Much curiosity is evinced to know the penalties under state and national laws for refusing to serve when drafted.

The draft is enforced under an act of Congress of July 17th, 1862, which states among other things that "*the President is authorized to make all necessary rules and regulations*" in cases where state laws are defective as to the enrollment or execution of the draft.

An act of Assembly of Pennsylvania, passed in 1822, (65th section, April 2d,) uses the following language:—

"Each and every * * * private of the militia who shall have neglected or refused to serve when called into active service in pursuance of an order or requisition of the *President* of the United States, shall be liable to the penalties" defined in the act of Congress of February 28th, 1795, or any other acts that may thereafter be passed.

On reference to the act of Congress referred to it will be found to embrace the following points:—

"Every officer, non-commissioned officer, or private of the militia, who shall fail to obey the orders of the President of the United States, * * * shall forfeit a sum not exceeding one year's pay, and not less than one month's pay, to be determined and adjudged by a Court Martial * * *; and such non-commissioned officers and privates shall be liable to be imprisoned by a like sentence, on failure of payment of the fines adjudged against them, for one calendar month for every five dollars of such fine."

It has been decided by the Supreme Court of this state, that those who disobey the requisition are not employed in the service so as to be liable to the articles of war, but that they are liable to be tried by a Court Martial, under the above act. Such Court Martial must be constituted under the authority of the United States.

THE BATTLE OF PERRYVILLE—BUELL CONDEMNED BY HIS OFFICERS.—A correspondent of the N. Y. Tribune says:—

"It is the unanimous opinion of officers of Gen. Buell's army, that the portion of Bragg's army thrown upon McCook was in our power at the time of and right after the battle, and might have been destroyed or captured by simply pushing forward for a short distance our entire centre and right. Gen. Buell's failure to improve this precious opportunity, together with the subsequent escape of Bragg's entire force, due alone to the lying idle of the army for three days after the battle, and the following of a circuitous route, instead of pressing directly upon the enemy's lines of retreat, have lost him the last of the few friends he had left in his command.

"*Your correspondent knows positively that, excepting Gen. Gilbert, every general officer pronounces him utterly unfit for his position, and is anxious for his removal.* The feeling of disgust and contempt towards him among field and line officers and rank and file fairly defies description. Suspicions are loudly expressed by many.

"Even those who were instrumental in his restoration at Louisville, including Gen. Crittenden, have given him up as a hopeless case. John J. Crittenden, who had exerted himself vigorously in his behalf, and accompanied the army during part of the campaign, expresses as profound disappointment as any.

FOR RECOGNITION—"GIVE THIS TO MOTHER."—To the Editor of the New York *Evening Post:*—*On the bloody field of Manassas*, a few weeks ago, with a gasp and a moan, were these words whispered from the white lips of an heroic soldier as he drew from his bosom a locket, and passed the revered memento into the hands of a comrade near. Those loving lips never moved again to tell his name or home; instantly he fell back dead, and a noble spirit passed into a world free from care and pain. He was of the Tenth New York Volunteers, National Zouaves. Safe from death, although disabled, the brave soldier, named Ferguson, who received this trust, has returned to *his* home, and fulfills the sacred legacy as best he may. The little picture hangs in the window of No. 943 Broadway, under the above inscription. Oh, what a depth of tenderness and pathos in those few words, "Give this to mother!"

ABOLITION OF SLAVERY IN THE DUTCH WEST INDIES.—The law for the abolition of slavery in the Dutch West Indies (already announced) passed the States-General of Holland by a majority of 45 to 7. The following are the regulations adopted respecting the slave abolition at Surinam:—

1st. The abolition of slavery on the 1st July, 1863.

2nd. The owners to receive a compensation of 300 guilders (120 dollars) for each slave.

3rd. The supervision of the state not to continue for more than ten years at the outside.

4th. The Government encourages immigration, and offers for that purpose, for a period of five years, premiums not to exceed a million of guilders (400,000 dollars.)

5th. Fixed labor to be obligatory on all the emancipated.

THE BIG GOLD PURCHASE OF CORCORAN, THE BANKER.—Mr. Corcoran, the great Washington banker, before leaving for Europe, purchased $1,600,000 in gold. Mr. Corcoran made all this money out of our country, and then left it, disgusted with the institutions under which all his property was attained.

THE armies of the rebel generals Bragg and Kirby Smith have passed safely out of Kentucky, through Powell's Gap, with all of their trains, supplies, &c., it being impossible for our army to pursue them for want of forage and subsistence. Our troops will probably all return to Louisville and Lebanon.

ANECDOTE OF BISHOP BUTLER.

Hume said that Butler's "Analogy" was the best defence of Christianity he had ever seen. It is, indeed, difficult to find in any language a work at once so profound and so useful. We are informed that Queen Caroline, the consort of George II., read some part of it every day at breakfast. She asked Dr. Samuel Clarke what he knew of Butler. Dr. Clarke told her he was residing, with some of his family, upon a small living in Kent. The Queen expressed her surprise, and said she thought he was dead.

"No, madam," said Dr. Clarke, "he is not dead, but he *is buried*."

Butler was afterwards elevated to the bishopric of Durham. Being applied to on the occasion for a charitable subscription, he asked his steward what money he had in the house.

The steward informed him "there were five hundred pounds."

"Five hundred pounds!" said the bishop; "what a shame for a bishop to have such a sum in his possession." And he ordered it all to be immediately given to the poor.

THE DRAFT.

Says the Erie (Pa.) Gazette: The freaks of the draft are innumerable. It took all hands in Burgess's wholesale grocery, including both proprietors; both the Johnsons, of the firm of Johnson & Bro., grocers, their book-keeper and clerks; Dr. Strong and Mr. Starr of Strong's drug store. It went into the legal fraternity strong, and in many instances two out of three in firms and families were drawn. Mrs. Foot, of Mill Creek, is left alone, all her sons, three in number, having been drawn.

Says the Pottsville (Pa.) Miners' Journal: Commissioner Hobart commenced the draft for this county on Thursday last, and it was expected would finish last evening. The number drafted was 1,667. We will endeavor to give a list of the names in our next. When the draft was made for Tamaqua, all the lawyers in the place but one were drawn.—Among them is George H. McCabe, Esq., who was a candidate last year for President Judge of this district, and James Ryon, Judge elect. J. J. Conner, Esq., a heavy coal operator of Ashland, and Mr. Jacob G. Gensel, a candidate at the late election for County Commissioner, were also drafted. Some of the most prominent business men of Pinegrove were also drawn.

George C. Franciscus, Superintendent of the Philadelphia Division of the Pennsylvania Railroad, has been drafted from Tredyffrin, Chester county, where he was boarding a portion of the summer. This not having been the permanent residence of Mr. Franciscus, the result will probably be deemed null and void. During the exciting periods of the rebellion, the duties of the Superintendent of the Philadelphia Division were of the most onerous description, and the services rendered to the Government are far in excess of those afforded by a single arm upon the battle field.

Among those drafted in Scranton, Pa., are Hon. John Brisbon, superintendent; R. A. Henry, general freight agent; W. H. Fuller, ticket agent, and H. B. Phelps, paymaster—all of the Delaware and Lackawanna and Western Railroad Company; C. Q. Carmin, H. W. Chapin, J. Slocum, J. B. Adams and Mr. Haughawerth.

A paymaster writing about the alarming diseases which afflict our "able-bodied" citizens since the ordering of a draft says:—

One is halt, and one is blind, a third is deaf as any post;
A fourth is gone in consumption, and can hardly walk at most;
A fifth is dying daily from a weakness of the spine,
And a sixth is fading slowly in a general decline.

If Jeff. Davis was a man of any gumption he would know
That he wastes his ammunition when he shoots a dying foe;
Just let him halt in Dixie till a few more months are sped,
And I'm sure our "loyal citizens" will nearly all be dead!

In one township of Chester county, Pa., three brothers were drawn. In another a man with three sons in the army, and within one month of being forty-five years of age, was drafted. Pursey Nichols (a candidate for Sheriff before the Union Convention, and next to the successful candidate), Wm. Moran, Ebenezer Dickey, and Mark Hodgson, Oxford, were drawn. In one township, nine men were drafted out of thirteen, all Secesh sympathizers as a general thing.

The Boston Transcript says:—It was thought that drafting would have to be employed in the widely known municipality of Hull, in order to make up its deficiency of nine months men—five in number. But the little town had no idea of being thus disgraced, and obtained five men in Haverhill, by the paying of $110 bounty. Hull is therefore still erect, and continues to indicate the feeling of the Commonwealth.

A tailor who wished to be exempted from the draft at New York, earnestly asserted that his whole nervous system was hopelessly shattered from the number of sleepless nights he had spent in listening to his Xantippe's certain lectures. This special pleading was not admitted.

Another person stated and proved that his name was down on the enrollment books in no less than *five different places*—once for his country-seat, on the Hudson, once for his town-residence in Brooklyn, and once each for his three business offices in this city! Similar luck had befallen other parties.

THE PENNSYLVANIA DRAFT.—A Harrisburg correspondent of the Inquirer says:—

Jeff. Davis must soon feel the effects of the northern draft. Two thousand able-bodied men have thus far arrived here. Three hundred from Montour arrived day before yesterday; a splendid body of men. Yesterday over three hundred arrived from Columbia county; nearly four hundred from Northumberland, and nearly two hundred from Juniata. As I write, to-day, hundreds are landing at the depots.

The impression seems to exist abroad that these men come here sullen and petulant, unfired by a spark of patriotism, because of being selected, perhaps, against their will and inclinations.

This is not really so. They come cheerfully and willingly, making the welkin ring with enthusiasm. Some leave families behind, perhaps unprovided for; others leave a business that has, perhaps, been prosperous and profitable; but all come with the knowledge that their services are needed, and although they come at a heavy personal sacrifice, they come determined and patriotic, a grand and overwhelming tide against rebellion and treachery.

As a proof of their patriotism, I might mention that nearly all of the drafted men that have arrived here, are volunteering for three years or the war.

NEW PLAN OF LIGHTING THEATRES.—At the two new theatres in the Place de Chatelet—the Cirque and the Theatre Lyrique—first experiment was tried lately in a new system of lighting by M. Davioud. It is said to have succeeded perfectly. The new mode supersedes entirely the old chandelier, which was well enough in the days of lamp oil. The era of gas demands something better. "Imagine," says a reporter of one of the journals, "imagine for the ceiling of the vast hall an immense ground glass occupying the whole of the cupola, behind this place, say 1,500 gas burners, and above them a sort of great white cap, serving as a reflector and sending down the light. This passes through the ground glass, and falls like a soft rain over the entire hall, which it fills with a brilliant light, and yet which has nothing harsh or fatiguing to the eyes. Not a single gas burner is seen throughout the theatre, and yet it is lit up to its darkest corners. You are able to read a paper on the last row of the parterre, which is, nevertheless, situated under the shadow of the balcony."—*Paris Paper.*

GEN. BURNSIDE has been recently promoted to an important position. His command now embraces his former (the ninth) army corps, together with those of Generals Williams (late Banks') and Sumner. General Wilcox, lately commanding the First Division, now commands the Ninth Army Corps.

WITHIN the last two months 2,000 horses have been shot by order of the Government, the animals having become useless by severe usage.

HOW "RED TAPE" WORKS.

Rev. A. M. Stewart, chaplain of the Old Thirteenth, (One-Hundred-and-Second Pennsylvania,) in a letter to the United Presbyterian, thus illustrates the "red tapism" of the army, so often alluded to. The writer, learning that the army was likely to repose for a time after the battle of Antietam, applied for a furlough, setting forth the reasons in his best rhetoric. The fate of the application is thus detailed:—

Our Adjutant—Joe Brown we call him—being a plain, blunt, straightforward matter-of-fact sort of a man, shook his head ominously as he took in hand the prepared paper, frankly stating that neither the penmanship nor the size or folding of the sheet was in proper form for "red tape." The presumption as to penmanship may have been well founded; else, Mr. Editor, your typo may be a blockhead; for, in transferring my letters into print, he not unfrequently produces words of which your correspondent never dreamed. Our Adjutant, however, being a warm friend, and very obliging withal, caused the clerk to transcribe the document in round, bold, well flourished penmanship, and upon paper having the proper size for "red tape"—folded according to regulation—put into the prescribed envelope—tied with "red tape," and then carried to our regimental headquarters for approval or disapproval. Our Colonel, by far too open-hearted and generous ever to refuse a request to a friend, wrote upon the proper folding, "Approved and respectfully forwarded," under which his name and official title were fitly inscribed; had the paper refolded, tied with "red tape," and carried by an Orderly to the headquarters of the brigade. Having acquaintance and some favor in said locality, our good Brigadier turned a fold of the sheet and wrote thereon, "Approved and respectfully forwarded," with name and officials underneath. An Orderly carried it thence to division headquarters.

Its introduction to our division General must have been in an evil hour. No special or favorable influence from the petitioner could have preceded the Orderly. Some untoward circumstance may at the time have vexed the worthy General, or perchance he may have become weary with leaves of absence requested. Be all these as they may, a new fold of the paper was made, and the endorsement commenced with that unfortunate little bit of Latinized English, "Dis"—"disapproved, but duly forwarded"—name and officials being duly affixed, tied up with red tape, and by an Orderly forwarded to corps headquarters.

As the foremost sheep in a flock, when making a leap even over some imaginary obstacle, is almost sure to be followed in the bound by the next one in the rear, so that ominous "Dis"—being the first thing seen upon the document at corps headquarters—no doubt had a preponderating influence in settling there its destiny. A new fold was made, and thereupon the fatal endorsement began with "Dis," having underneath both name and official dignity—was re-enveloped, tied with additional red tape, and by an Orderly carried on its last stage to the high place of the field—Headquarters Army of the Potomac. Two "Dises," according to human calculation, were likely to produce a negative, and so it unfortunately turned out. Red tape having thus conveyed the document, eloquent in appeals, to its final destination, red tape arrested there its farther progress. Whatever, under other circumstances, might have been its fate, those unfortunate "dises" had, no doubt, a strong prepondering influence toward the undersigned's side. The last fold on the precious sheet was here made, and thereon written, "Disapproved and respectfully returned, by order of Gen. McClellan"—refolded, re-enveloped, and rebound with all its accumulation of red tape.

An Orderly again took the concern in charge, and conveyed it to headquarters of Corps Commander. His Orderly carried it down to the division headquarters; his, again, down to the Brigadiers; his to the regimental; thence to the Adjutant, and by him, with a grave military salute, to the *dis*-appointed writer. Truly,

"The best laid schemes o' mice and men
Gang aft agiee."

MANSELL WHITE'S NEGROES.—The New Orleans correspondent of the New York Times has the following:—"One of the most interesting and significant things in this connection, is the fact that a few days ago a 'delegation of slaves,' belonging to Mansell White, one of the oldest and wealthiest planters of the parish of St. Bernard below the city, called to see Gen. Shepley, and asked, as citizens, for an audience of the governor of the state. The request was granted, and these men informed the general that they came for freedom; they said their fellow-servants in other places were all leaving their masters, and that they wished also to improve their condition, but that it was not clear to them how was the best way to do so. They emphatically said, however, that they did not intend to labor much (if they could help it) without remuneration; and they concluded their requests and protests by asking, that if they remained peaceably at home, they might have fair wages secured to them for their services. Gen. Shepley treated the matter with great consideration, and, after conferring with Gen. Butler, permission was granted to these men to make terms with their master, who consented to have a partnership in the transaction, and these men have gone to work, not as slaves, but as hired men."

From the Richmond Examiner, Oct. 18th.

DRAFT OF NEGROES FOR MILITARY SERVICE.—We notice that in Texas and in some portions of the Mississippi valley, the proposition is urged to make a conscription or forced levy of slaves, where their labor is necessary for the army. Since the invasion of the South, the Yankees have stolen tens of thousands of negroes, and made them useful as teamsters, laborers in camp, &c. It appears that slaveholders are averse, for some reason, to hire their negroes in the Confederate army. The prejudice is certainly an ignorant and mean one. *As the war originated, and is carried on in great part for the defence of the slaveholder in his property, rights, and the perpetuation of the institution,* it is reasonable to suppose that he ought to be first and foremost in aiding and assisting, by every means in his power, the triumph and success of our arms. Good wages are offered, and proper care and attention will be given every negro hired to the army, and the slaveholder ought to remember *that for every negro he thus furnishes he puts a soldier in the ranks.*

GEN. JEFFERSON C. DAVIS.—The New Albany (Ind.) Ledger of Wednesday says:—"Gen. Jefferson C. Davis has been released from military arrest, and was on the street yesterday. The War Department very properly decides that, inasmuch as neither Gens. Nelson nor Davis were on duty at the time of the unfortunate occurrence, the military authorities have nothing to do with the matter. The War Department expresses the greatest anxiety for the speedy return of Gen. Davis to his command. He is esteemed by Gen. Halleck as one among the best brigadier generals in the Union army. We have no doubt that Gen. Davis will be at the head of his command in a few days."

NEWS ITEMS.

COTTON IN ILLINOIS.—It is estimated that Illinois will produce 20,000 bales of cotton this year, and the crop is now gathering. The state could grow 500,000 bales profitably. The sorghum crop in Illinois is estimated to amount to $1,000,000 in value the present year.

THE first hogshead of the new crop of Kentucky tobacco sold in Louisville a few days ago for the handsome sum of $25,25 per hundred.

DURING the four and a half hours that the Monitor was in action at Fort Darling, the thermometer indicated 140 degrees in the fire-room, and 107 to 110 in all other interior portions of the vessel.

WHAT A BRITISH SURGEON THINKS OF OUR TREATMENT OF WOUNDED.—Doctor Muir, of the British army, who figured creditably in the War of the Crimea, and who has recently been over our battle-fields and through the hospitals, states that no army was ever more promptly and better cared for, as to its wounded, than ours has been since the late battles. The prompt, judicious, and extensive system of relief of the Sanitary Commission, in contributing to this result, can scarcely be overestimated. Blankets, shirts and drawers were, only yesterday, distributed in the hospitals near the field and elsewhere, and trains of wagons are constantly arriving from Washington with needful supplies.

PRIMITIVE HABITS.—At the Cataraugus (N. Y.) County Fair, a Mr. Welmearth, of Rushford, made his appearance clad entirely in garments made by himself and family. Even his shoes were made of the hide of one of his own cows, tanned by himself. He evidently favors a return to primitive habits.

HELP IN SWITZERLAND.—A letter from Switzerland says that one hundred thousand men could be enlisted there for the military service of our Government, if its representatives were empowered to make liberal offers to recruits.

THE REINFORCEMENTS FOR RICHMOND FROM CORINTH.—General Prentiss pronounces the statement that no troops were sent from the Corinth army to Richmond, after the evacuation of the former place, to be incorrect. He knows, of his own knowledge, that large numbers of veteran troops passed over the railroads eastward at that time.

THE SILVER SNAKE MYSTERY.—The Silver Snake mystery, which a few years ago, so much excited the people of Western New York, is solved at last. The hotel at Silver Lake, in Perry, Wyoming county, recently took fire, and, in removing some rubbish, the neighbors came across what they supposed was a large India rubber hose. On stretching it out, it showed the form of a snake, some fifty feet in length. It seems the owner of the hotel hit upon this expedient to redeem his failing fortunes, and after reaping the benefit of the custom of the thousands who came to see the wonderful serpent, he sold out, and, moving away, left the snake to the new proprietor.

NINE states will hold their annual elections on the 4th of November—to wit: New York, New Jersey, Massachusetts, Michigan, Illinois, Wisconsin, Missouri, Minnesota, and Delaware.

THERE is on exhibition in Paris an instrument which imitates the human voice so as to be mistaken for it. It represents a female seated, and the larynx is constructed on physiological principles of construction. The voice has the compass of two octaves, and sings any air with the tone of the female voice.

THE PROCLAMATION.—The Washington correspondent of the New York Journal of Commerce (Democratic) makes this significant statement: "Facts have come to my knowledge which induce me to believe that the President will yet be fully vindicated for issuing his much talked of proclamation. I do not believe, what I did believe, that he was drawn from his straightforward course by the radicals. There were reasons for his action with which the public are unacquainted, and all things connected with that great movement are not what they seem."

NEW YORK TRADE SALE.—George W. Childs, of Philadelphia, met with great success in Parson Brownlow's book and Dr. Kane's Arctic Explorations. Of the former he has already sold 75,000 copies in the regular course of business, on which he has paid the fighting parson $17,000 as copyright. The copyright on Dr. Kane's work, which Mr. Childs has paid over to the lamented author and his heirs, is $66,000—a larger sum than was ever realized on a book by another author in the English language. The nearest approach to it was in the case of Lord Macaulay, whose publishers paid him £11,000 for his History of England.—*N. Y. Tribune.*

TRAITORS AND FOOLS.—Mr. Joseph C. Potts said at Newark on the night before the election, in defending the suspension of the writ of habeas corpus—"Now and then we catch a traitor, but much oftener we catch a fool."

GOT AN OFFICE.—On the assumption of power by the present party an applicant for office was asked what place he would prefer. He was a "fastidious chap," as Orpheus C. Kerr would call him, and hesitated a moment pondering the question. "Well," said he, after awhile, "if you give me an outside position, let it have as little exposure as possible; and if an inside one, let there be about it as little confinement as practicable." After waiting six months, he compromised and took the inspectorship of the potato vessels.

THE Wilmington (North Carolina) Journal (rebel) says that seven regiments of negroes, which have been in camps of instruction under white officers for three months, and which have become remarkably proficient in drill, have arrived to garrison the rebel towns and fortifications during the sickly season.

THE Richmond Whig of the 20th, after recording the flying retreat of Bragg's rebel army, says: "It is all over now. The Kentucky movement in the hands of Bragg has turned out to be simply a fizzle. No other word can so appropriately describe it. It has been from the beginning to the end a brilliant blunder and a magnificent failure."

THE FLEET AT WORK.—We learn by the gunboat Dacotah, eight days from Key West, that Admiral Dupont was expected back from the North with instructions to proceed on a hostile demonstration at once. It was thought that Mobile and Charleston would be attacked on his return. The mortar fleet at Pensacola had received sailing orders.—All the vessels belonging to it, which had arrived, were heavily armed. The fever was rapidly disappearing from the squadron, and few deaths had recently occurred.

A NUMBER of merchants and other business men are at Washington, urging the execution of such measures as will speedily open the entire Mississippi River to commerce. It is believed that plans with that view are under consideration.

CORRESPONDENCE from Mexico shows that the constituted authorities are making the best preparations in their power to resist the further invasion of the country by the French. It is said that every step to the city of Mexico will be disputed. We shall see.

A WAGGISH CAPTAIN.—The captain of the American ship Montmorenci, which was overhauled by the Sumter, ransomed his vessel by giving a bond for $20,000, "payable to the President of the Southern Confederacy thirty days after peace is declared." It is like the traveller, stopped by a highwayman, who told the thief he had no money, but he would give his note for thirty days.

DEATH OF A NOTED CHARACTER.—The death of Baron John R. Steinberger at St. Louis recalls to mind his former career in this part of the country, where he must be remembered as one of the boldest operators and most hospitable of men. At one time he joined Nicholas Biddle in a cotton speculation in which they cleared $3,000,000. Afterwards he attempted to buy up all the beef in the country and monopolize the market, but was defeated by the New York and Philadelphia dealers, and he was ruined. He then went to California, and after experiencing the various fortunes of a large speculator he became reduced, and went to St. Louis at the time Fremont arrived, being sent by a party of beef contractors at $200 per month. In a short time he was abandoned, and he died in extreme indigence. At one time he owned a large interest in Biddle's bank, and could check for $100,000 at a time. He was a man of noble character, steady mein, and elegant bearing.

THE SHOE AND CLOTHING QUESTION.—After diligent inquiry, we have satisfied ourself that no requisition for shoes or clothing for the army of the Potomac upon the department of the depot Quartermaster here, Colonel Rucker, has failed to be complied with promptly. We are also now satisfied that the Quartermaster of the Army of the Potomac has at no time lacked an ample supply of those articles; and that the failure of General McClellan's troops to receive them as required up to this hour, is likely to turn out to be the result of want of energetic and business-like management on the part of those charged with the duty of their prompt distribution after their arrival there.—*Washington Star.*

WEEKLY REVIEW OF THE PHILADELPHIA MARKETS.

FLOUR AND MEAL—There has been less activity in Flour during the past week, the want of supplies and the high views of holders limiting the operations to some 8000 bbls, part for shipment, at $6@6,50 for common and good superfine; $6,75@7 for extras, and $7@7,75 for extra family, including 400 bbls Delaware Mills extra at $7; 1800 bbls City Mills family, mostly Red Stone and Jenny Lind, and 1000 bbls good Ohio do, all on terms kept private. The demand from the trade has been very good at the above range of prices, and high grade family and fancy brands at $8@8,50 ₱ bbl, as in quality, and the receipts light. Rye Flour is very scarce, and if here would readily bring $4,50 ₱ bbl. Corn Meal is also scarce, and Penna Meal has been sold at $3,25 ₱ bbl, at which rate it is wanted.

GRAIN—The market for Wheat opened unsettled, and prices fell off 5@7c, but subsequently improved and closed better, with sales of about 50,000 bus, part for shipment, at $1,40@1,46 for common to prime Western and Penna reds in store; $1,44@1,48 for Penna and Southern do afloat, and $1,55 to 1,75 for white, the latter for choice Kentucky, which is scarce. Rye is very scarce and has advanced to 75@85c for Delaware and Penna. Corn declined early in the week, but subsequently improved, and 30,000 bus found buyers at 68@71c for Western mixed; 70@74c for Penna and Southern yellow in store and afloat, and 75c for white. Oats are unchanged, but less active, with sales of 25,000 bus at 41@43c for new Southern, and 42@43c for Penna, including some old Penna at 50c, the latter for 32 lbs. Barley and Malt continue in request and scarce.

PROVISIONS are dull and unsettled, and prices nearly nominal at $13@13½ for mess Pork, and $12@15 for Western and city mess Beef, and the sales limited. Bacon moves off slowly at 9@13c for hams, 5½@6c for Shoulders, and 5½@6½c for Sides. Of Green Meats the sales are also limited at 7½c for Hams and 4½c for Shoulders, in salt. Lard is scarce, and held at 11@11½c for tes and 11¾@11½c for kegs, which is above the views of buyers. Butter is in good request and selling at 13@15c for packed and 14@22c for good and choice dairy. Cheese is in steady demand at 9½@10¾c ₱ lb. Eggs are better, and selling at 17c ₱ doz.

COTTON—The market is less firm; a few small lots have been taken at 58@61c for ordinary to middlings, cash, including 100 bales at the highest figure.

ASHES continue on the advance, and a small business doing in Pots and Pearls.

BARK comes in slowly, but Quercitron has declined, and all offered, about 100 bhds sold at $35@35½ for 1st No 1, at which rates it is in steady demand. Tanners' bark is quiet, and prices about the same.

BEESWAX is less active, but good yellow is worth 40c ₱ lb.

COAL—The market is firm, and the stocks both here and at the East moderate for the season, with a good demand, chiefly from New York, Connecticut and Rhode Island. For home use the demand is also good, and the receipts light.

COFFEE—Holders are very firm in their views, and the stocks on sale light. The demand, however, is less active, and some 800 bags have been taken at 24@27c for Rio, in small lots, and 25@27c for Laguayra, cash and time, including 100 bags Java on terms kept private.

COPPER is better. Sheathing is quoted at 37c, and Yellow Metal at 27c, with moderate sales of the latter on time.

FEATHERS are better, and good Western are selling at 42@45c, the latter in a small way.

FRUIT—The sales are confined to green Apples at from $1 to 2,50 ₱ bbl. Dried fruit is dull. The season has not yet opened, and prices are nearly nominal. Cranberries are selling at $8@10 ₱ bbl.

HAY is firm, good Timothy selling at 70@80c the 100 lbs.

HEMP is held above the views of buyers, and very quiet at the advance, and the stock on sale light.

HOPS are taken moderately at the advance, prices ranging at from 18c to 22c for eastern and western.

IRON—The market is excited, and on the advance, with contracts for spring delivery to some extent for Anthracite Pig Metal to note at $28 for good No 1. Some sales of Forge are also reported on terms kept private. Of manufactured Iron the prices are also better.

LEAD—There is little or no stock here, and holders are firm in their demands.

LUMBER is steady, with further sales of white and yellow pine boards at $14@16, and two cargoes of Laths at $1,25 ₱ M.

MOLASSES is firm but quiet, and the stock on sale light. Some Matanzas sold at 30@32c; Muscovado at 35@40c, and Sugarhouse at 28@30c, cash and time.

PLASTER is rather more abundant, and selling at $2,75@3 ₱ ton.

RICE has advanced and East India is scarce and selling in a small way at 7@7¾c ₱ lb.

SEEDS—There is very little Clover seed offering, and prices are better, with sales of 700 bush, in lots, at $5¼@6¼ ₱ bush, the latter for choice. Timothy is steady at $1¾@2¼, and domestic Flax-seed in good demand at $2¼@2,30 ₱ bus.

SPIRITS—Brandy and Gin are firm but quiet, with little disposition to operate. Of New England Rum sales are making at 50@52c, which is an advance. Whiskey is also better, and sales to some extent are reported at 37@38c for bbls; small lots 39@40c; 39c for hhds and 37c for drudge.

SUGARS are firmer and more active, with sales of 700 hhds, mostly Cuba, at 9¼@10¼c, including Porto Rico, in small lots, at 10¾@11¼c, and New Orleans at 10¾@11¾c, on the usual terms.

TALLOW is unsettled and rather lower, with sales of city at 11¾@11¾c, and the demand less active.

TOBACCO—The stocks of both Leaf and Manufactured on sale are light and prices firm at the advance, but there is very little doing in the way of sales.

WOOL—The market is firmer and on the advance. Fine is wanted at 60@62c, coarse and medium quality at 63@66c, and tub at 70@73c.

PHILADELPHIA CATTLE MARKETS.

The supply of Beef Cattle during the past week amounted to about 3337 head. The prices realized were from 6 to 8¼ cents ₱ lb. 150 Cows brought from $18 to 30 ₱ head. 6150 Sheep were sold at from $2,00 to 5,35 ₱ head. 1500 Hogs sold at $5,00 to 5,75 ₱ cwt net.

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

May be obtained weekly at the Periodical Depots of
H. DEXTER, 113 Nassau St., N. Y.
SINCLAIR TOUSEY, No. 121 Nassau St., N. Y.
HENRY TAYLOR, Sun Iron Building, Baltimore.
A. WILLIAMS & CO., 100 Washington St., Boston.
HENRY MINER, Nos. 71 & 73 Fifth St., Pittsburg.
JOHN. P. HUNT, Masonic Hall, Pittsburg.
GEORGE N. LEWIS, 28 West Sixth St., Cincinnati.
A. GUNTER, No. 99 Third St., Louisville, Ky.
JOHN R. WALSH, Chicago, Illinois.
McNALLY & CO., Chicago, Illinois.
JAMES M. CRAWFORD, St. Louis, Missouri.

Periodical dealers generally throughout the United States have it for sale.

PATRIOTISM.—It gives us pleasure to record an act of pure patriotism and philanthropy connected with the late draft. In Warminster township, of this state, a young lady had great apprehension that her brother would be drafted, and it so preyed upon her mind that she went into convulsions. Her father is very aged, and if her brother was taken away no one would be left to take care of him and the farm. It so turned out that the brother was drafted. Upon hearing of this, Mr. John Carr came forward nobly and voluntarily offered himself as a substitute. Telling his wife and father that he was drafted, he at once made arrangements for leaving home, to join the army of drafted men in this borough. This is certainly very noble in Mr. Carr.

MARRIAGES.

☞ Marriage notices must always be accompanied by a responsible name.

On the 13th of Aug. by the Rev. Thos. G. Allen, Mr. JAMES SERRILL, to Miss MAGGIE A. BASSO.

On the 13th of Oct., 1862, by John G. Wilson, V. D. M., Mr. JOHN HUNTER, to MRS. ANNIE MURPHY, both of this city.

On the 16th ultimo, by the Rev. M. Hirst, Dr. JAMES H. WILSON, to Mrs. HENRIETTA V. S. GUY, of Washington, D. C.

On the 9th ultimo, by the Rev. J. G. Maxwell, Mr. JOHN M. HARTMAN, to Miss RUTH ANNA LANCE.

On the 17th Nov. last by the Rev. J. C. Clay, Mr. ROBERT ROGERS, to Mrs. LYDIA J. EASTBURN, both of this city.

On the 8th of July, by the Rev. J. B. McCullough, Mr. WILLIAM H. GILPIN, to Miss ELLEN IDA, only daughter of the late Frazier Deemer, both of this city.

In Philadelphia, on the 16th ultimo, by the Rev. John Thompson, Mr. GEORGE M. COSS, of Baltimore, to Miss PHEBE A. DAVENPORT, both of this city.

DEATHS.

☞ Notices of Deaths must always be accompanied by a responsible name.

On Saturday morning, Sept. 27th, 1862, after a short illness, and in the hope of a blessed immortality, WILLIAM H. MILLICK, in his 29th year.

A faithful friend sleeps in death. J. E. N.

On the 20th ultimo, PAUL S. BROWN, aged 77 years.

On the 21st ultimo, EDWIN FIELD, youngest son of the late Chas. Field.

On the 20th ultimo, Mrs. ELIZABETH E. MARVEL, daughter of Mary Ann and the late Mark T. Jones.

On the 21st ultimo, JONATHAN HARGRAVES, in his 49th year.

On the 20th ultimo, Mrs. MARY ANN WOOD, aged 43 years.

On the 16th ultimo, the Rev. WILLIAM MECALPE, M. D., pastor of the Bible Christian Church, in his 75th year.

On the 19th ultimo, Mrs. MARY, wife of Harry Enochs, in her 29th year.

On the 18th ultimo, Mrs. MARGARET EPLEY, relict of the late Jacob Epley, in her 81st year.

On the 18th ultimo, MARY T. EVANS, daughter of the late Josiah and Susan M. Evans, in her 31st year.

On the 19th ultimo, JOSEPH B. HORSON, of the 87th Pa. regiment, in his 22d year.

On the 20th ultimo, MARGARET, wife of Joseph Horn, in her 28th year.

BANK NOTE LIST.

CORRECTED FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST, BY WITHERS & PETERSON, BANKERS, No 39 South Third Street.

Philadelphia, October 25, 1862.

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Wit and Humor.

WHAT IS THE USE?

What is the use of trimming a lamp,
If you never intend to light it?
What is the use of grappling a wrong,
If you never intend to fight it?

What is the use of removing your hat,
If you do not intend to tarry?
What is the use of wooing a maid,
If you never intend to marry?

What is the use of buying a coat,
If you do not intend to wear it?
What is the use of a house for two,
If you never intend to share it?

What is the use of gathering gold,
If you do not intend to keep it?
What is the use of planting a field,
If you never intend to reap it?

What is the use of buying a hook,
If you do not intend to read it?
What is the use of a cradle to you,
If you never intend to need it.

COURTSHIP DOWN IN ARKANSAS.

Before they turned rebels the Arkansas girls were noted for their pluck. Their very natures seemed imbued with the greatness and the pride of the created things that God has placed around them. But since all the people have got crazy in Rebeldom the girls seem to be cowed, and in the sulks. I once courted an Arkansas girl, and I must say she was a "brick" in point of firmness and self-will. I adored that girl for nearly three months, at the end of which time I withdrew my suit in a manner somewhat similar to the man who retired from the hotel—he left suddenly, refusing to patronize that tavern any more. But let me tell my story before you laugh at me.

While I was sparking my beauty, my visits, you may suppose, were generally kept up till a pretty late hour of the night. Her mother—as fine a lady as you could wish, but rather large in dimensions—slept in an adjoining room the evening to which I wish to refer (especially.) Log cabins are not very compactly built, and sounds can easily be distinguished from one room to another. Sallie, (for that was the way my sweetheart spelt her name,) had reciprocated my ideas upon certain points to my content, and I had resolved to start home. Taking out my watch, I expressed surprise, (as I always did) at the lateness of the hour. She said she knew it must be late, from the sounds.

"Sounds!" said I, listening attentively, but hearing nothing that interpreted her meaning; "sounds! I don't hear any." Again I listened, but without success.

"Why, Mark," said she, "don't you hear ma snore!" and her face colored, 'twixt anger and pride, at what she deemed my jesting.

"Is that your mother snoring!" exclaimed I, in utter astonishment; "I swear I have been all this time thinking it was the puffs from an up river boat, and was wondering what made it so long coming round the bend! Your mother," I was going on to make a further remark; but I didn't—for, quicker than you can say "Jack Robinson," my adorable Sallie pitched into me, with both her fists doubled. I ain't no coward, but I can't fight a woman, and so I just incontinently sloped. I never have forgotten Sallie, and I love even now to think of her; but I never dared to go near that log cabin, where she lived, since that unfortunate night.

HOW TO TREAT A WASP.

"Listen," said I, "listen and attend, and you shall have a moral and example. When the wasp now on the window entered, you flew at it with a kind of violence. I wonder it don't sting every one of you. Now, in future, let a wasp, when it comes, have its little bout and make its little noise. Don't stir a muscle—don't move a lip—be as quiet as the statue of Venus or Diana, or anybody of that sort, until the wasp seems inclined, as at this moment, to settle. Then do as I do now." Whereupon, dipping the feather end of the pen in a crust of salad, I approached the wasp, and in the softest and tenderest manner possible, just oiled it upon the body—the black and yellow, like grooms' waistcoats—when down it fell, turned upon its back, and was dead in a minute. "There, girls," said I, "see what kindness and a little oil does. Now here's my moral and example—When a husband comes home in an ill humor, don't cry out and fly at him, but try a little oil—in fact, treat your husband like a wasp."

QUITS.—A coroner's inquest was held in the interior of New Jersey, upon the body of a man who died from taking Vegetable Pills. On opening the body the interior was discovered to be one huge cabbage, but dead to its core from confinement and want of water—a beverage which the patient never drank. The jury rendered a verdict of "*quits.*" "Quits, gentlemen!" exclaimed the dismayed Coroner—"never heard of such a thing! What do you mean?" "Why," replied the foreman, "we find that, if the cabbage killed the man, the man killed the cabbage, and if that ain't quits, blow me!"

A NATURAL SOLUTION.—Aunt Sally, as she is called in our village, had lived a few years with us when she buried a second husband, the first having been buried in Rushville, some ten miles north, where she was first married. Speaking of her great and recent affliction, she said—

"We all have our trials, and troubles, but I am most crazy now to know which of my two dear husbands I shall be buried alongside of."

She went so nearly crazy about it that she finally had to decide the question by taking a third.

HABITS OF THE SHAD.

The habits of our fish have been very little attended to in this country. Our scientific men, it is true, have been very precise in their accurate classification, and in the use of their ponderous nomenclature; they have described our fishes even to the shape of a scale, or the number of thorns in the dorsal fin, but they have not condescended to note their habits, their food, their length of life, with all such particulars as would interest common readers and be of use to mankind.

No fish is more valued or more valuable than the shad; yet but few of its habits of life are known. The books are silent, and angling gives no information. It was for a long time a commonly received opinion, that the shad spent the winter in the Gulf of Mexico, and then as the spring advanced and the snow ceased running, came along the coast and entered the rivers in succession. If this were true, there would be no uniformity, year after year, in the run of shad in each river. The very distinct varieties would all become intermingled. But each river has its own variety. Those of Connecticut river have long been known as possessing superior size and flavor. The variety that seeks the Hudson as a spawning ground is easily distinguished from ours. The fact of the distinctness of the varieties in each river tends to the belief that shad go no further than the mouth of the stream in which they are hatched.

The habits of the shad are unlike those of other fish. As soon as the snow-water has ceased running, they press up the river as far as they can reach, in order to deposit their spawn. In following this instinct, they never stop for refreshment or food. Who ever found anything in the maw or stomach of a shad that would indicate the nature of its food? Who ever knew them to bite a baited hook? They do not feed from the time they enter the stream until they sink down, thin and exhausted, into the deep places at the mouth. For this purpose of nature, the shad has been preparing itself during the quiet luxuries of a winter, and has become fattened for the use of man, or, if it escapes his net, for the reproduction of its species. The shad lives but a single year. It is hatched in the early summer; descends the streams as soon as large enough; feeds and fattens in the winter at the mouth of the stream; ascends in the spring to deposit its spawn; and descends to die at the bottom of the ocean. This fact accounts for the uniformity in the size of the fish. A Connecticut river shad seldom goes beyond seven pounds, and the variation in size is comparatively slight. The bass, on the other hand, which is known to live many years, varies from half a pound in weight to fifty even in our own river. It has a longer time to grow, and shows a much greater diversity of size. These considerations have led to the conclusion, that one year was the duration of a shad's life. What was only a matter of conjecture and inference, has been lately proved by artificial fish-breeders. Somewhere in the state New York, one of these raisers of fish from spawn, which he fed in early life with crumbled crackers strewn upon the pond where they are kept, has proved their short hold on existence. He raised them for the purpose of supplying the very large fish he had in his tanks and ponds with food. As the science of breeding fish is more known, the habits of the different species will be more easily described.—*Hartford Courant.*

ANECDOTES OF BIRDS.

The "Cow-Bunting," of New England, never builds a nest; the female lays her eggs in the nests of those birds whose young feed, like her own, on insects and worms, taking care to deposit but one egg in a nest.

A cow-bunting deposited an egg in the nest of a sparrow, in which was one egg of the latter. On the sparrow's return what was to be done? She could not get out the egg which belonged to her, neither did she wish to desert her nest, so nicely prepared for her own young. What did she do? After consultation with her husband, they fixed on their mode of procedure. They built a bridge of straw and hair directly over the two eggs, making a sort of second story in the house, thus leaving the two eggs below, out of the reach of the warmth of her body. In the upper apartment she laid four eggs and reared her four children.

In the Museum, at Salem, Massachusetts, may be seen this nest, with two eggs imprisoned below.—*Brook's Ornithology.*

MARRIAGES IN FEUDAL TIMES.—The law of England was not exactly similar to this, although sufficiently barbarous to deserve the execration of all who respect the privileges of woman. It was a lucrative mode of extortion, even down to so far as the days of Charles I., both with the crown and the inferior nobility, to sell their wards in marriage. This most barbarous custom gave to the lord of the manor the right of tendering a husband to his female wards, while under age, whom they could not reject without forfeiting the value of the marriage; that is, without forfeiting as much as any one chose to offer the guardian for such an alliance. And the larger the property of the ward, the larger was the value of the marriage. Thus, our fair readers will perceive that in those days of chivalry and honor, of knightly feeling and romantic generosity, when lances were set in the rest to uphold the beauty of an eyebrow or maintain the perfection of an ankle; when the Queen of Love and Beauty presided over the tournament held in honor of the ladies; in those chivalric times, they were bought and sold like cattle, and men made blanks and prizes of them in the lottery of life.—*Sixpenny Magazine.*

☞ A tremendous waterspout burst over the city of Barcelona, Spain, lately, transforming the streets into torrents, in which many of the inhabitants were compelled to swim for their lives.

THE EXHAUSTED STUDENT.

FOND PARIENT.—"Bless his heart—always studying! Read him himself asleep—Geography now, or History, or something of that sort, I'll be bound!"

[*No. It's the Cookery Book.*

SMART.—A gentleman, one evening, was seated near a lovely woman, when the company around him were proposing conundrums to each other. Turning to his companion, he said—

"Why is a lady unlike a mirror?"

She "gave it up."

"Because," said the rude fellow, "a mirror reflects without speaking, a lady speaks without reflecting."

"And why are you unlike a mirror?" asked the lady. He could not tell. "Because a mirror is smooth and polished, and you are rough and unpolished."

The gentleman owned there was one lady who did not speak without both reflecting and casting reflections.

A JEWISH PARABLE.—A certain man, who was very much deformed, saluted a rabbi, saying, "Peace be unto thee." The rabbi did not return the salutation, but said, "Racca, how ugly this man is! perhaps all thy townsmen are as deformed as thou art." The other replied, "I do not know; but go thou and say to the workman that made me, how ugly is this vessel which thou hast made." Upon this the rabbi dismounted from his ass, knowing that he had sinned, and fell down on his face before the man he had despised, and said unto him, "Forgive me, I beseech thee." But the deformed man answered, "I cannot forgive thee until thou hast been to the workman that formed me, and said, 'How ugly is this vessel which thou hast made!'"—*Talmud.*

Agricultural.

Cultivation of Window Flowers.

The cultivation of flowers in windows is a source of pure domestic pleasure and rational improvement. The following extracts are from essays on the subject by Dr. Jack and Mr. W. Elder, read lately before the Pennsylvania Horticultural Society, at a meeting in Philadelphia, and published in the Gardener's Monthly. Dr. Jack said the subject was one of interest to all who have a love for plants, and especially to those who have not the convenience for greater indulgence:—

The conditions most desired, and the attainment of which has proved the most difficult, are the application of an even heat, and the maintenance of a constant moisture. In order to protect his window plants from an atmosphere too dry, he has pursued the plan of inclosing a space inside of the windows, projecting a case into the room and giving it the form of a bay window. The dimensions are, height, 5 feet 8 inches; width, 3 feet 7 inches (this being the size of the window frame), and depth 2 feet 8 inches.

The accommodation of the plants is effected by a circular stage of 31 inches in diameter, revolving on a central stud. This form of stage permits a variety of arrangement, and allows access to all parts for the purpose of watering, &c. While this form of stage retains the moisture constantly rising from the soil equally as well as the ordinary Wardian case, it is better supplied with light, and affords an opportunity for a much more tasteful display of plants. It is, however, liable to great diminution of external air, by which means, in cold weather, the plants suffer for heat.

To secure a uniform and sufficient temperature, an opening is made on the top of the case for the entrance of warm air, and another in the bottom, for the exit of the cool, which falls in consequence of its greater specific gravity. By this means the plants are perfectly protected from contact with cold air. The current of warm air entering the top would, however, naturally dissipate the necessary moisture. To avoid this, a net work of loose cotton thread is placed over the opening, one end being immersed in water. Capillary attraction causes the whole to be moistened, and the air, in passing over it, becomes saturated with water.

The effect of this method is shown in the better appearance of the plants, a greater evenness of temperature, and the constant marked presence of humidity. All this is accomplished without complication, and requires but little attention. The process is almost self-regulating, much like that in the Aquarium, which renders the latter of such interest.

To secure the condition of heat, the plants should be exposed not too directly to the rays of the sun. If possible, the case should be so placed as to have the light of an adjoining window thrown in its rear.

Mr. Walter Elder, in his essay, traced the history of window gardening, and presented some thoughts on the moral and pleasing nature of the practice. It was the simplest branch of gardening, and the first to interest the mind with a love of flowering plants; it is the parent of exotic floriculture. Working people in large cities, who had not a foot of ground, made gardens upon the house tops, and now Paris and other European cities are noted for them.

The French excel in balcony gardens. Window gardening is perhaps more universal among the working classes in Scotland than any other country. It is in every house. The pious, peaceful, and moral nature of the people attaches them to home, and creates in them a desire to beautify it.

The communication closed with an allusion to the soothing influence of the culture of flowers on the mind. There was never a more propitious time for the culture of window plants than now, when the number of flowers subject to such treatment is greatly increased.

HOGS IN THE APPLE ORCHARDS.

Nobody sends such apples to market as my neighbor John Jacobs. He always has apples to sell, and gets the highest price. Folks prefer fair, large apples, and such are always packed in Jacobs's barrels. You might search them with a candle and not find a knotty fruit or a worm hole. Such Rhode Island Greenings and Roxbury Russetts I have never met with in the old states. They are as handsome as anything in the virgin soils of the West.

I was going by Jacobs's orchard last summer, and I had the curiosity to call and examine for myself. Says I, "Neighbor, what is there in your soil that makes such smooth large apples? They are a third bigger than I can get, and my trees look as well as yours."

"The secret is not in the soil," John replied with a twinkle in his eye. "Do you see those grunters there? My pork brings me fifty cents a pound—eight in flesh and the balance in fruit. I began to pasture my orchard ten years ago with hogs, and since that time I have had no trouble with wormy fruit.

"Apples, as a general thing, don't fall from the trees unless something is the matter with them. The apple-worm and curculio lay their eggs in the fruit, and the apples drop early. The pigs devour the apples, and by September every unsound apple is gone, and I have nothing but fair fruit left. The crop of insects for the next year is destroyed by the pigs. They root around under the trees, keep the soil loose, manure the land some, and work over what manure I spread. The apples help the pigs, and the pigs help the apples."

I saw John's secret at once, and have profited by it. I never had so few insects as this spring, and I give the pigs the credit for it. In turning the orchard into a pasture put in pigs—not land-pikes with snouts like levers. You might loose trees as well as insects in that case. But well bred animals with judicious snouts, will root in a subdued and Christian-like manner.—*American Agriculturist.*

TO KEEP ICE CHEAPLY.

A supply of ice to use through the heat of summer contributes to profit as well as luxury, and a receptacle in which it may be kept is not necessarily expensive. The main essentials are: 1st, an outside shell, with from eight to twelve inches of clean sawdust, or other dry porous material; 2d, protection from the direct rays of the sun; and 3d, a pipe through which to drain off or pump out any water that may collect at the bottom. Ice has been kept through the season in an enclosure made by notching long rails and laying them up like the outer walls of a log-house, in a position entirely protected from the sun. The ice was cut in large, solid blocks, packed closely, and water turned on to each layer and allowed to freeze solid. A space of ten or twelve inches between the ice and rails was filled with sawdust, and the whole was roofed with boards, with plenty of sawdust between the roof and ice. This was entirely above ground. Ice has also been kept in a similar structure one-half underground. One who tried this four years failed at first because he used straw instead of sawdust for filling in around the ice. When he relied upon six inches of sawdust he had perfect success. The walls of his ice house were made by setting common studding upright and boarding each side of the studs, filling the space between the sawdust. Another has succeeded well by excavating—including the embankment made by the soil thrown out—about twelve feet in depth, then laying up a stone wall, dry to the top of the ground, and in mortar the remaining distance to the top of the embankment, covering the whole with a good roof. All that is necessary to success in keeping ice is fully stated in the first part of this article, and each can best judge for himself as to what particular style of structure will suit his individual circumstances.—*American Agriculturalist.*

HOW TO THROW AN OX.—L. Hendrick, in the Genesee Farmer, thus described a simple method practiced by him on one occasion when he wished to extract hedge-hog quills from the animal's hind foot: The ox was first placed on smooth ground, and the left, or near side, fore foot tied fast to the leg above the knee. Then a rope was tied around the ankle of both the off side feet, and two men standing on the near side pulled gently on these ropes, at the same time crowding against his side. A man was stationed at the off side of the animal's neck, to attend to his head while coming down. The ox seeming to fear a fall, readily dropped on his knees and down upon his side. The ropes were then held securely, and the quills easily extracted with a bullet-mould for nippers.

Useful Receipts.

THE WAY TO MAKE AN OMELET.—It is surprising that a dish so easily prepared and so delicious as omelet has come into use to so small an extent in this country; there are extensive districts where it has never been heard of, and many housekeepers who meet with it in their travels never have it upon their own tables, because their cooks do not know how to prepare it.

Omelet is simply egg beaten and fried in butter. Break three fresh eggs into a bowl, add a little pinch of salt and a teaspoonful of water, and beat the eggs thoroughly. Then put a tablespoonful of good butter into a flat frying pan, and hold the pan over the fire with the handle a little elevated so as to incline the bottom at a small angle. As soon as the pan is warm pour in the eggs, and as the mass begins to cook run a case knife under it to keep it from burning to the pan. As soon as the surface is about dry fold one-half of the omelet over the other, and it is ready to serve. It can be made in five minutes, and is an exceedingly delicate and delicious morsel.

TO PREPARE FRUIT FOR CHILDREN.—A far more wholesome way than in pies or puddings, is to put apples sliced, or plums, currants, gooseberries, etc., into a stone jar, and sprinkle among them as much sugar as necessary. Set the jar in an oven on a hearth, with a teacupful of water to prevent the fruit from burning; or put the jar into a saucepan of water until its contents be perfectly done. Slices of bread or some rice, may be put into the jar, to eat with the fruit.

APPLE MERINGUE.—This is a simple dish, but very attractive looking, and very pleasant to eat. Take some stewed apple which has been carefully prepared and is entirely free from lumps. It must be strained through a colander, if necessary. Put it into a pudding dish; beat up the whites of two eggs with not quite as much sugar as you use for frosting; heap this upon the apple; let it stand in a cool oven long enough to become slightly brown. The apple may be flavored with lemon, wine or cinnamon. Any other fruit may be used. This kind of frosting is often put on lemon and other pies which have no upper crust.

TO MAKE LEMON LOZENGES FOR THE LITTLE ONES.—Take one or two whites of eggs, which beat with some orange-water. Then add as much pulverized sugar as will make a stiff paste of it. Introduce also the raspings of lemon peels. All being well incorporated, roll it into balls the size of a thimble, which range on a sheet of paper and flatten afterwards as you like; then put them in the oven to bake. These are good for the summer complaint.

CHOCOLATE DROPS, OR CARAMELS.—One cup of milk, two cups of molasses, one cup of sugar, one and a half cakes of chocolate, and butter the size of a hen's egg. Grate the chocolate, and stir it into the milk when boiling; then stir in gradually the other ingredients. Try it as you would molasses candy, and when properly boiled spread it out in pans to cool, cutting it up in pieces about half an inch square. This is considered a very delicious kind of French confectionary.

BAD BREATH.—The chlorate of potash has now come into extensive use for the removal of fœtid breath. It is chiefly used, diluted with water and alcohol, to rinse the mouth. It may be made by condensing chorine gas in a solution of potash. A solution of soda will answer nearly as well.

SUBSTITUTE FOR YEAST.—Boil one pound of flour, a quarter of a pound of brown sugar and a little salt, in two gallons of water, for an hour. When milk-warm bottle and cork it close, and it will be ready for use in twenty-four hours.—*Exchange.*

The Riddler.

ENIGMA.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

I am composed of 54 letters.
My 31, 33, 1, 39, 50, 9, 24, 46, is a day of the week.
My 43, 13, 42, 51, 16, 36, 37, is a part of the day.
My 47, 35, 7, 8, 15, 14, 11, is the act of going from one place to another.
My 9, 10, 11, is a division of time.
My 41, 3, 12, 44, is a division of time.
My 19, 52, 30, 3, 17, 22, is the person to whom, before all others, a child owes obedience and love.
My 2, 5, 6, is worn on the head.
My 34, 20, 25, 26, is a devotee.
My 47, 49, 18, is a kind of pitcher.
My 38, 51, 12, is a numeral.
My 28, 29, 40, 54, is an ordinal.
My 21, 5, 53, 1, is scarce in Dixie.
My 4, 10, 45, 6, is a mineral.
My 23, 48, 41, is a disturbance.
My whole is a notorious fact.

G. M. TUCKER.

CHARADE.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

I.

My first all ought to be.
My second is one of the prismatic colors.
My whole is a relation.

II.

My whole is necessary to life.
Behead, me, I am used for building.
Behead me again, I am a color. C. H.

ANAGRAMS ON SURNAMES.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

No, Jes.	Bow, N. R.
Hit M. S.	In no sorb.
Let cur.	P. K. in it.
Rot nub.	Oh, no! S. N. J.
Can Josk?	Lay Rot.
Gil E. Wob.	Parse ug.
A shirr.	Her car.
Bee Link.	Big trel.

G. M. TUCKER.

ALGEBRAICAL PROBLEM.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

The sum of four numbers is 30; the sum of their squares is 114; the sum of their fourth powers is 5058, and the sum of their eighth powers is 172.39938. Required—the numbers?

ARTEMAS MARTIN.

Franklin, Venango Co., Pa.

MATHEMATICAL PROBLEM.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

Required—the number of equal circles, each 20 rods in diameter, which must be described tangent to each other and cutting off equal areas from a circle 90 rods in diameter, so that the aggregate quantity thus cut off may be a maximum? ARTEMAS MARTIN.

Franklin, Venango Co., Pa.

☞ An answer is requested.

PROBLEM.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

A, B, C are the centres of three circles whose respective radii are 4, 8, 9. The distance from A to B is 30, from B to C 40, from A to C 50. It is required to find the respective radii of two circles which shall touch the three, they being without one of the circles and within the other?

Baltimore. E. HAGERTY.

☞ An answer is requested.

CONUNDRUMS.

☞ What is the difference between a man and a shrimp? Ans.—Why, the one eats fish, and the other fishes eat.

☞ Which is the most sentimental river? Ans.—Ohio (oh-heigh-oh).

☞ When may the sea be compared to a laundress washing summer trowsers at a tub? Ans.—When it makes clean breaches over a vessel.

☞ When are kisses sweetest? Ans.—When they are *surreptitiously* obtained.

☞ What mechanical invention does the mouth of a swearer most resemble? Ans.—A *blast* furnace.

ANSWERS TO RIDDLES IN LAST.

MISCELLANEOUS ENIGMA.—Louis Napoleon, Emperor of the French. DOUBLE REBUS.—Abram Lincoln, the President. (As, Booth, Rye, Aid-de-Camp, Mortar, Little, Isthmus, Not I, Cod, Ore, Lemon, Not.) RIDDLE.—Fremont. MATHEMATICAL PROBLEM.—9201.66597504 miles. DIOPHANTINE QUESTION.—10,000 and 40,000. MENSURATION QUESTION.—Perpendicular, 30 feet; distance from foot of the shorter stick, 16 feet.

Answer to D. Diefenbach's PROBLEM, published September 6th.—The third or highest pole, 64.55 feet; the second or middle pole, 62.45 feet; perpendicular elevation from the observer's feet to the top of the third and highest pole, 274.55 feet; and the observer's eye from the foot of the third pole, 548.814364 feet.

The answer to his TRIANGLE, published September 13th.—The area being 5 acres and 124 perches, we find the sides to be 40, 51, 77 perches.

Answer to A. Martin's PROBLEM, published September 13th.—The hawk flies 640 and the pigeon 480 perches.

Answer to EQUILATERAL TRIANGLE, published September 20th.—12.40777.

Baltimore. E. HAGERTY.

Answer to Daniel Diefenbach's MATHEMATICAL QUESTION, published August 23rd.—C's house may be four different distances from either A or B's house, viz.: 1st, 104.45 rods from A's, and 66 perches (nearly) from B's, on the same side of the road; 2nd, 66 perches (nearly) from A's, and 104.45 perches from B's, same side of the road; 3rd, 130 perches from A's, and 80 perches from B's, on opposite side of road: 4th, 80 perches from A's, and 136 perches from B's, on opposite side of road. "READER."

Lena, Stephenson Co., Ill.